

FIFTY CENTS

MAY 31, 1971

**Dixie Whistles
A Different Tune**

TIM



**Georgia
Governor
Jimmy
Carter**

THE WINDSOR GUARDSMAN



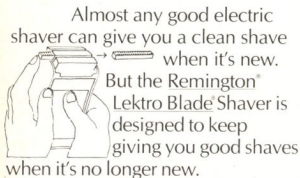
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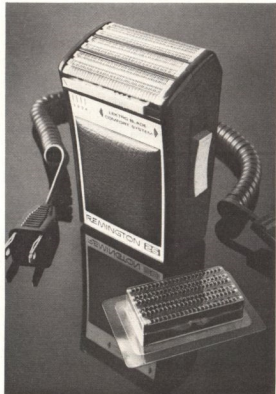
Because you won't have to start searching for a repair shop.

SPERRY RAND

Or looking at new models.

Instead, you pop in a new set of blades and start getting the kind of shaves you got when the shaver was new.

If you have a shaver that doesn't change blades, maybe you should change your shaver.



REMINGTON®
LEKTRO BLADE® SHAVERS

LETTERS

Japan's Allure

Sir: Why does the American consumer buy Japanese products [May 10]? Why does the American consumer buy products other than American? Simple. Quality, price, customer relations. Too often the American dealer is great until he has your money and then to hell with you. I have bought foreign products not out of disloyalty to my country or big business, but because I am sick and tired of getting junk for my money and nothing for my patronage.

ORVEL K. JANS
Major, U.S.A.F.
APO New York

Sir: Break out the crying towels and sour-grape wine for U.S. business. For years, while we were squeezing the life out of foreign nations, no one complained. Now the U.S. is learning of its own tactics from Japan—and the tears start.

RICHARD TOURANGEAU
Boston

Sir: What the Japanese military forces could not accomplish in 1941-45 with bullets and bombs—a successful invasion of the United States—the Japanese business community is actually doing today with consumer goods.

This action may, as a matter of fact, establish a precedent for the world at large and particularly our Communist antagonists—that advancement through force is now anachronistic.

SAMUEL S. SHERWIN
Los Angeles

Sir: We won the war, but the Japanese must now be enjoying a good laugh at our expense.

In exchange for our precious natural resources, which we obtain by stripping our national forests and ravishing our Appalachian Mountains for coal, we are sent a bunch of consumer junk, and we still end up with a billion-dollar-per-year deficit in the balance of payments.

R.J. BRUEHLMAN
Wilmington, Del.

Sir: The solution to "How to Cope with Japan's Business Invasion" is simple. It's one I've been practicing on my own ever since I returned from the Pacific theater toward the end of World War II. Whenever I must buy any article, I first examine it to see where it was made. If the inscription "Made in Japan" appears on it, I toss it back onto the store counter and either make do with what I have or do without. I am not going to make Japan's economy any stronger. Wake up, America. Buy American.

ROBERT J. MILLER
Philadelphia

Protest Debate

Sir: Nobody has the undarnished truth about these protest marches in Washington [May 10], and that is that we are conducting a kind of civil war against our own young people.

What do we have—Nixon prancing round the country while kids in the capital city are being tear-gassed. What do we have—19th century Agnew pontificating somewhere while long-haired youths are being herded into compounds.

I'm in my 60s and I'm ashamed of my peers. These young ones are sometimes a

little messy, but they are trying to change things. They are trying to make us realize that war is an outmoded horror.

HALE WILLIS
Fullerton, Calif.

Sir: If Rennie Davis & Co. don't know what is in the heads of the people who go to work every day, maybe someone should try whispering the message quietly in their ears: "You are demonstrating in the wrong city, you idiots. Try Hanoi."

Maybe our semisacred fourth estate should lend an ear to that message a little more often too.

GORDON ELLIOTT
Agana, Guam

Why Did the Chicken?

Sir: I have never read an article that I agreed with more than your "The Age of Touchiness" [May 10]. The sensitivity of the '70s has hampered the sense of humor of many. It appears that laughter is limited to "Why did the chicken—type jokes, and we can no longer laugh at ourselves. Perhaps we will soon have to concentrate on the ludicrous only in inanimate objects. I hope I haven't offended anyone—or anything.

R.C. GALLOWAY
Los Angeles

Sir: I am a first-generation American born of a Sicilian father and a mother from Abruzzi. I have always been proud of Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Verdi, Rossini, Dante and Renata Tebaldi. I was not proud to learn that the very clever "spicy meat-a-ball" Alka-Seltzer commercial had been removed from television. I was at first amused, then appalled, finally embarrassed.

ARTHUR MATTA
New York City

Sir: I'm an American of Italian and Hungarian heritage. I am sick of the "oppressing minority." I don't believe you cure a cancer within by denying it exists. There is a Mafia and/or Cosa Nostra.

Should I yell "Let's hear it for the Huns"?

BARBARA J. MANALIO
New York City

Sir: After reading your Essay, I reviewed my background and present status and decided I would found or join these groups: Catholic Anti-Defamation League, Children with Protestant Fathers, Sons of Catholic Mothers, Grandsons of Canadian Immigrants to the U.S. and Great-Grandsons of English Immigrants to Canada, Americans Who Have Red Hair, Americans for Mexican Food.

While compiling my list, I decided that my time would be wasted—I would forever be finding a new group to join. I think I will just be a typical, abnormal person i.e., American. Oops, here come the Sons Against Red, White and Blue!

RALPH J. FEAR
San Diego

Even If Uninteresting

Sir: Reader George C. Gould's letter [May 10] telling us that he who has "a clear conscience" should not be bothered by wiretapping, is a sad and frightening sign of acquiescence. Even if conversations are "uninteresting," we should insist on the right to talk in private, regardless of

subject matter. It is just such "simple folk" who, unwittingly perhaps, further the creeping Big-Brotherism that threatens to be part of our future.

WOLFGANG K. HERMANN
New York City

Aid to Thailand

Sir: Your article "A Quieter China in a Calmer Asia" [April 19] states that Thailand has received \$1.5 billion in American assistance. That figure is an exaggeration and must presumably include the cost of construction of airbase facilities in Thailand, which were designed to be used entirely by the U.S. Air Force for the prosecution of the Viet Nam War.

As to your statement that declining U.S. aid has persuaded the Thais that the times are changing, one only has to take a quick glance at the recent reports on Ping Pong diplomacy to see that even the U.S. is not immune to change.

ANAND PANYARACHUN, Ambassador
Acting Permanent Representative
of Thailand to the United Nations

► According to State Department figures, Thailand since 1946 has received \$1.43 billion in direct U.S. military and economic aid. Other types of U.S. assistance during the same period raise the total to more than \$2.5 billion. Of that, only \$855 million went for construction projects, including the seven airbases. Thailand has retained ownership of the bases and will eventually have full use of them.

Theory from Keynes

Sir: Although your article "Make-Work on the Nile" [May 10] was interesting, it was not that new. Thirty-six years ago,

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"I told those fellows: 'I've got a quarter-million dollars to invest and here's the way I want it handled.'"

I want to sit down right at the beginning and find out what my alternatives are.

"I want to know the probabilities of success. I want to learn what kind of risk is involved.

"I want you to tell me what kind of goals are realistic under my particular circumstances.

"And then I want to meet those goals.

"Well, those fellows at Continental Bank understood exactly what I was talking about. Right from the start we've had an agreement about what I could expect them to do for me . . .

"A friend who's in the computer business put me on to them. He told me their Trust Department is doing things with computers ahead of anyone else in the country . . .

"All the analysts and portfolio managers and investment committees who work on my account are evaluated with the help of computer programs.

"That way, you get more than talk. You get performance.

"And I'm not the only one who thinks so. Continental invests *billions* for all kinds of customers. For people like me. And for corporations and universities and pension funds . . .

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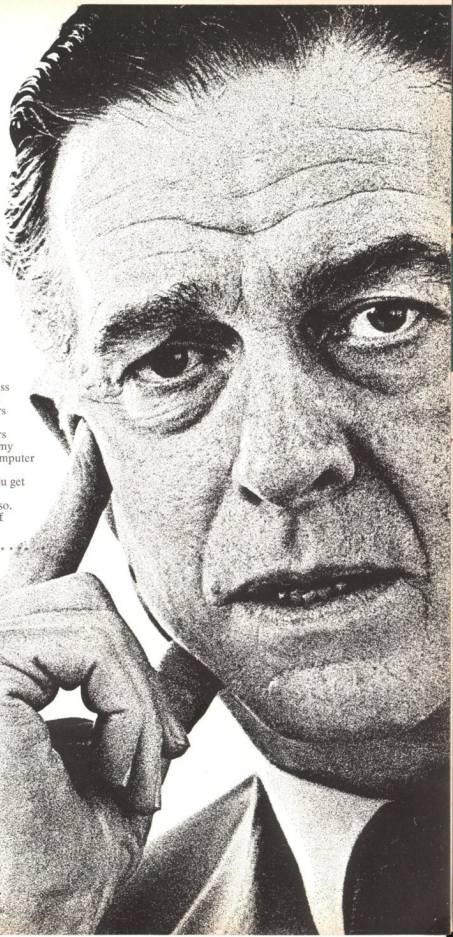
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"Speaking of savings, I found that at most courses \$3 to \$5 covers a day's play, including greens fees, caddy, lunch and tea. You can rent clubs for \$1.50 to \$2, although Irish-Aer Lingus will take tender loving care of your own set and haul 'em around at a special low rate.

"When you're not sinking putts, you might try sinking a line for a few of those famous Irish salmon, trout and pike. Ireland's tranquil lakes, rivers and offshore waters are a fisherman's paradise. It's a delightful dilemma to choose between a number 3 wood and a 3x leader. But no matter what your sport, Ireland's your place! And I'll put myself on the line for that.

"Jet there on Irish-Aer Lingus, the Irish International Airline. Their 747's and 707's offer you more flights to Ireland than anybody else. From New York, Boston, Chicago, Montreal. And they'll jet you beyond Shannon and Dublin to London... 22 other European cities. They'll even arrange golf and fishing tours for you. Call your travel agent or Irish-Aer Lingus."



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What is U.S. Steel doing to



help build trucks better?

This truck cab is news. Not just for the way it looks. But because of the way it was built: by an amazingly simple system of construction developed by U.S. Steel.

First, a rugged safety frame of steel tubing is constructed. The frame is then wrapped, inside and out, with sheets of corrosion-resistant galvanized steel. The



1. Safety frame of steel tubing.

steel skin is spot-welded to the frame. And painted. That's all there is to it!

No, we're not truckbuilders. But we sell steel to the people who are. So we know their problems. One of the most pressing: how to produce all the different kinds of trucks America needs—without the prohibitive expense of tooling-up for each type.



2. Weld galvanized steel skin. Then paint.

That's exactly what our system eliminates. It requires only the simplest tools.

Besides trucks, it can be used to build buses, ambulances, motor homes, recreational vehicles, you-name-it.

We're offering our system to anybody who builds any of them. Why? We believe it'll help builders continue to build with the best on wheels: steel.

United States Steel, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

USS is a registered trademark.



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Long before all the headlines
on ocean pollution, Texaco's tanker
operating procedures
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Anywhere. Anytime.

This is our commitment that
we will never willfully
pollute the beaches of our world.

After all, we swim
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We're working to keep your trust

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(There. That may be the longest, biggest
fine print you've ever seen. But we'll bet it's
also one of the smallest rates you'll ever see.)

Avis is going to be No.1. We try harder.

Why Bob Pichette uses a Pitney-Bowes postage meter for as few as 5 letters a day.



Twelve years ago, Bob Pichette set up his own business in LaSalle, Quebec, as a photographer. Since then, it's become his way of life! He married a photographer, their home became their studio, and as leading photographer in his community, he's on call at all hours. It's even made him something of a philosopher. "Nobody," he says, "nobody is really ugly." And he has pictures to prove it.

To business. About a year ago, some of Bob's mail went out with insufficient postage. Irritated, Bob looked around for a way to prevent this happening again. He decided to get a Pitney-Bowes postage scale to make sure his mail would be weighed accurately. And while he was at it, he ordered a postage meter as well.

Bob got the meter simply to ensure having the correct postage on hand at all times—but to his delight, he found he'd got a whole lot more than he bar-

gained for.

For a start, he's able to cut down on trips to the Post Office—and no more scrambling to get there before its doors close. What's more, he has a ready record of all the postage he used (a help to his accountant at tax time!)

Another useful thing for Bob is the fact that the meter postmarks all postage. If Bob tells a client he will "mail the photographs by Thursday," he has the dated metered stamp to prove that he did.

Bob even feels that, indirectly, his postage meter helps him sell more pictures. For example, if he covers a wedding on Saturday, he can have sample pictures ready by Sunday. And being independent of the Post Office, he can send them out right away so his potential customers get them by Monday—which is so soon after the happy event, that they are in a good mood to buy.

And Bob has one more benefit to

come from his meter. Remembering the advice received from one of his teachers "make sure people know you," Bob is busy devising his own little ad. And his Pitney-Bowes postage meter will be happy to print it for him, right beside the postage.

If the story of Bob Pichette, his postage scale and his meter makes you think you might have some use for them too, please call us and our demonstrator will come running to show what we can offer.

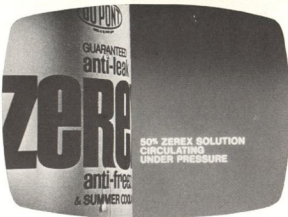


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POSTAGE METERS

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A 50% solution of ZEREX could easily be the difference between your getting where you're going on a sizzling day—and getting nowhere.

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In one striking series of color photographs, you'll be intrigued by a tour of a land where antiquity has been so proudly preserved by New Englanders. For example, you'll see how the Old North Church still soars above its surroundings almost 200 years after Paul Revere ordered lanterns ("two if by sea") hung in its steeple to warn of British advances. It's a land that's studded with illustrious families... the historic Adams clan which produced two U.S. Presidents as well as eminent public servants, writers and businessmen... and, of course, the Kennedys of our own time.

You'll delight in meeting the salty, taciturn Yankee of American folklore... like the Maine fisherman who when asked if he has lived in the same village all of his life, replied "Not yet." You'll enjoy the straightforward answer a New Yorker got when he stopped his car at a Vermont country store and called to a group of local men, "I want to go to Bennington." There was a long silence; finally one Yankee slowly removed his pipe from his mouth and said, "We've no objections." The Yankee character's qualities—his thrift, his penchant for hard work and his stubborn, spirited independence—are a living legacy for new generations of Rhode Island clam diggers, Connecticut insurance executives, Massachusetts philosophers and Vermont farmers.

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the promise of *New England* with your family.

Absorbing as the curator of America's precious past, *New England* is equally interesting as a pathfinder into this

country's future. For example, Author Joe McCarthy, a Massachusetts journalist, describes the hundreds of space-age research-and-development firms that cluster along Boston's famed Route 128 today, and traces the direct relationship between superb institutions like Harvard, Yale and M.I.T. and New England's tradition of intellectual vigor. You'll meet some of New England's most distinguished contemporary citizens—intellectual gadfly Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Oriental scholar and former ambassador to Japan Edwin O. Reischauer, Edwin H. Land, inventor of the Polaroid camera—and find out how these men are helping to shape this country's destiny.

Then tour the rest of

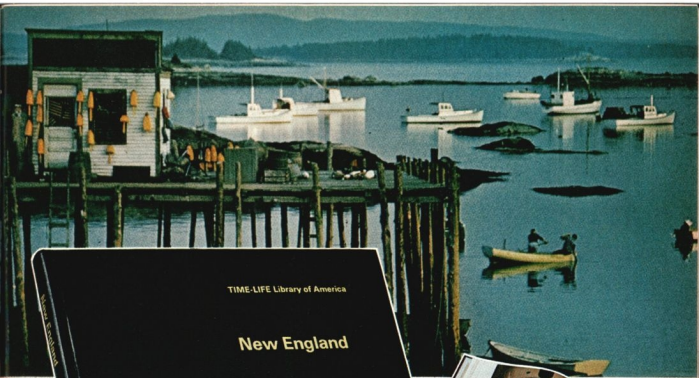
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Lord Keynes recognized that the Pharaohs had a great deal to teach 20th century political economists. In his *General Theory* Keynes wrote: "Ancient Egypt was doubly fortunate . . . in that it possessed two activities, namely, pyramid building as well as the search for precious metals . . . We have no such easy escape from the sufferings of unemployment."

How about an Egyptologist on the Council of Economic Advisers?

ROBERT E. SVENSK
Boston

Not Just a Gorilla

Sir: In your obituary of our beloved Mayor Emeritus William B. Hartsfield [March 8] you stated, "After he retired in 1962, Atlanta named only two things after him (a gorilla and an incinerator)." During his lifetime, Mayor Emeritus Hartsfield consistently refused to allow the city to honor him in some substantive way. Now, however, the nation's fourth busiest airport is called the William B. Hartsfield Atlanta Airport.

SAM MASSELL, Mayor
Atlanta

Big Brother Is Watching

Sir: In your article on Haiti [May 3] you mention the late François Duvalier's secret police, the Tontons Macoutes, and define this term as Creole for "bogyman." This would be better interpreted as a Creole corruption of *moniteur mécontent*, which is colloquial French for "The uncles are listening" and is basically equivalent to the Orwellian phrase "Big Brother is watching you."

MAUREEN CHENEY CURNOW
Missoula, Mont.

Catching the Devil

Sir: Legend has it that in his lifetime St. Yves of Brittany, the patron saint of lawyers [May 3], was obsessed with the legal profession's lack of a counterpart for the physicians' Luke and the soldiers' George. He journeyed to Rome and put the matter before the Pope. His Holiness directed Yves to go around the Church of St. John Lateran blindfolded and, after saying certain specific prayers, grasp a saintly figure, which would become the lawyers' patron. Yves, catching hold of an image, cried: "This is our saint!" Removing his blindfold, he was horrified to find that he had laid hold of the figure of the devil under the feet of St. Michael.

RONALD C. STEVENSON
Fredericton, Canada

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PPG Environmental Glass is being used in many of these new buildings because it fits well into the scheme of beauty, practicality and sensitivity to human values.

Environmental Glass was developed by PPG to keep out heat, keep out cold, reduce the sun's brightness

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But there's more about PPG. *We were the first domestic producer of float glass for automobiles, buildings of all types, and mirrors for the home. We also sell fiber glass, paints, coatings, and a broad line of industrial and agricultural chemicals.*

PPG Industries, Inc., One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

University of Louisville Health Sciences Center, Louisville, Ky. *Architect:* Smith, Hinchman & Grylls Associates, Inc., Detroit. *Associate Architects and Engineers:* Arrasmith/Judd/Rapp & Associates; Louis & Henry; E. R. Ronald & Associates; Louisville.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 31, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 22

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Fallow Center

Since 1790, when the nation's population concentrated statistically at a spot near Baltimore, the American center of gravity has tipped ever westward. Census results show it moving across the map like flowing lava: in 1870 east of Cincinnati, in 1900 near Indianapolis, in 1940 on the Indiana-Illinois line. Today, the computers calculate, the population center lies at lat. 38° 27 min. 47 sec. N., and long. 89° 42 min. 22 sec. W. That puts it in the middle of one of Farmer Lawrence Friederich's fields outside of Mascoutah, Ill., just southeast of St. Louis.

There is a temptation to look for microcosmic America in its population center. The town worries about a possible migration of blacks from East St. Louis and about marijuana wafting in from the cities. Mascoutah is a resolutely conservative place; yet it turns out that the nation's new population center lies in the middle of a field that slumbers fallow because the U.S. pays Farmer Friederich not to plant anything there.

Johnson Retrospective

It was appropriate that Lyndon Johnson should have brought together a crowd as large and richly complex as his own history had been. The ceremonies dedicating the new L.B.J. Library at the University of Texas last week were the greatest omnium-gatherum of present and former political power since the last presidential inauguration; it was a retrospective gallery of an era. There, under the monolithic and somehow Assyrian proportions of the library, were several thousand of Lyndon Johnson's friends and not a few of his old enemies, along with Richard Nixon, Spiro Agnew and dozens of the other men who took over Washington when L.B.J. went home. There, in Johnson's considerable embrace, were Barry Goldwater and Hubert Humphrey, Dean Rusk, William Westmoreland, Abe Fortas, Billy Graham, Luci and Lynda, Edmund Muskie, Walt Rostow, secretaries, plumbers, Congressmen, phone operators and, perhaps fittingly, a few hundred antiwar demonstrators near by.

It was not, however, a great day for oratory. Johnson, looking somewhat paunchy and preternaturally proud, said of his library, crammed with 31 million documents of his career: "It's all there—the history of our time, with the bark off." Nixon inadvertently got off the funniest line of the day: "As Pres-

ident Johnson was throwing me—er—showing me through the library . . . " Afterward, the Rev. George Davis of Washington, standing just in front of Vice President Agnew, offered a Spiranian benediction rejoicing, among other things, that the University of Texas is "not yet frozen in the glacier of pseudo intellectualism."

Croaking in Angels Camp

Inspired by Mark Twain's 1865 tale *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, the old California Mother Lode town of Angels Camp has for the past 43 years sponsored an annual frog-jumping contest. The occasion, reeking of rustic America, always draws entries from across the nation, including those of Governors, Senators, Congressmen and their toadies.

This year more than 2,000 frogs were sent to participate, but as a festival of American folklore, the jump developed some ugly warts. About 76,000 visitors descended on Angels Camp. There were fights, stabbings, seven auto wrecks, 21 motorcycle accidents, three dog bites. A barn was burned, fences were ruined, and 141 celebrants had to be treated for injuries. One 16-year-old sleeping in a field was run over by a car and killed. County Sheriff Russell Leach brought in 100 extra deputies and still could not keep up with the trouble. Sam Clemens might have liked it that more than 100 years of pretense to civilization had done so little to calm his brawling mining camp.



SOVIET ABM ON DISPLAY IN MOSCOW

SALT:

IN almost total secrecy, President Nixon made contact with "highest-level" Soviet officials last January, among them Premier Aleksei Kosygin. The talks continued until last week, when Nixon—and the Soviets—finally broke silence. Appearing briefly on TV, the President announced a "significant development" in ending the deadlock in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. After 18 months of probing, the U.S. and Russia had reached an agreement on how to proceed toward limiting nuclear weapons. It was, perhaps, the end of the beginning.

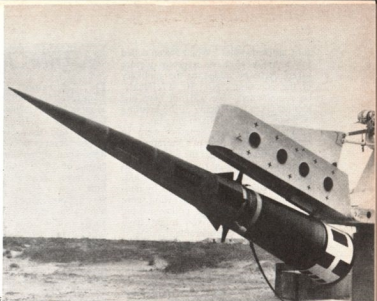
By its announcement, the White House intended—as one aide put it—to administer a "kick in the tail" to negotiators at the fourth round of SALT talks in Vienna. The diplomats, who are to recess shortly, were only too happy to get the boot; when they re-

JUMPING FROG OWNER SHOWING HOW





NIXON ANNOUNCING SALT PROGRESS



U.S. SPRINT ABM

Signs of a New Savor

convene in Helsinki this summer, they will at last have something solid to discuss. One serious obstacle to an arms-limitation treaty had been overcome. In past talks, the U.S. had insisted upon putting a ceiling on both of offensive and defensive nuclear weapons; it was especially fearful of the huge, 25-megaton Soviet SS-9 intercontinental ballistic missile, which is capable of destroying U.S. Minuteman sites. The Soviets, on the other hand, wanted to concentrate on a reduction of defensive weapons only—anti-ballistic missiles that would protect U.S. ICBMs against Russian attack. Now Washington and Moscow linked the two types of weapons; the U.S. agreed to concentrate on the ABMs, while the Russians agreed to work (although, it would seem, more slowly) on some limitation of offensive weapons. Which side had made the bigger concession? Some congressional skeptics think that it was the U.S., but that simply is not clear yet. Both countries are running certain risks for peace. But those risks seem far smaller than the dangers of an ever-spiraling, ever more costly arms race.

Penetrating Galosh. To be sure, the U.S. and the Soviet Union have arrived at little more than a *modus operandi* for further talks. Nixon said as much: "Intensive negotiations will be required to translate this understanding into a concrete agreement." If a step has been taken that may reduce the quantity of nuclear weapons, their quality is still beyond control; both nations are free to continue improving the deadly efficacy of their nuclear armory. The Soviets underlined the tentative nature of the accord by announcing it with considerably less fanfare than Nixon did. Though it was read by a Soviet newscaster at the

same time that the President appeared on TV, the news was omitted from subsequent Soviet broadcasts.

No details of the agreement can be hammered out until the SALT negotiations resume. The U.S. is willing to allow the ABM protection of Moscow to expand slightly; in return, it expects to retain some of the four Safeguard sites currently under way to protect American ICBM silos. Now in its initial stages, after barely gaining congressional approval, the ABM program can be modified to fit any possible agreement. Until an accord is reached, the U.S. intends to go ahead with additional ABM sites as well as with the deployment of MIRV, multiwarhead missiles designed to penetrate the Soviet *Galosh* (ABM) network. Said Defense Secretary Melvin Laird: "It is clear that our strength has made possible the hope for success at SALT."

All this took place against the background of the battle over Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's proposal to cut U.S. troops in Europe by one-half. It was an ill-advised and ill-timed proposal, but some Nixon critics feel that the President greatly overreacted. As part of the counterattack on Mansfield, the Administration sought to link the arms limitation issue with the troop reduction issue. During the talks, the Russians have insisted that American nuclear weapons in Europe—aboard Sixth Fleet carriers in the Mediterranean, for example—must be included in any arms-limitation agreement. The U.S. has argued that these weapons should be reduced only if the Soviets shave their armaments in Europe as well, including medium-range nuclear missiles. These questions may be taken up in multilateral negotiations among the NATO and Warsaw Pact nations. A unilateral with-

drawal of troops would obviously weaken the position of the U.S. in striking a bargain with Russia.

Happily for Nixon, Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev inadvertently came to the rescue of the Administration. He made a speech calling for serious discussion of mutual reduction of forces in Europe. Then he hit the point even harder when Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau went to Moscow last week to sign a pact of mutual cooperation with the Soviets. Both Brezhnev and Kosygin suggested to Trudeau that they wanted to pare their swollen defense budget and put the money into sorely needed housing. Thus they helped kill whatever chance the Mansfield amendment may once have had. It was handily defeated in the Senate, 61 to 36, and compromise amendments were voted down as well.* In the process, however, Nixon used up a lot of his credit with Congress. "I'll say they overreacted," Republican Senator George Aiken complained of the Administration. "All they were missing was Hannibal saying that we needed more elephants to cross the Alps for NATO."

For that matter, even some of the venerable pachyderms Nixon herded to Washington to defend his foreign policy quickly wearied of the hard sell. John J. McCloy, who was once considered unofficial president of the Eastern Establishment, grew so restless during a long lecture by Nixon that he started flipping his pencil into the air. Finally, by one participant's account, he blurted out to Dean Acheson: "Why, this man is telling us things that we all knew when he was still in those dread-

* The Administration was handed one defeat last week when the Senate voted 58 to 37 to reject an \$85 million House appropriation for the SST. Helping persuade the Senate to take this action was none other than Boeing's board chairman, William M. Allen, who candidly admitted that it would cost between \$500 million and \$1 billion to revive the project.

ful California suits." When Nixon called for a break to have a group picture taken, Acheson added to the snobbery of the occasion: "No, Mr. President," he commanded, "we will not have our picture taken." Glancing at the bristling Acheson mustache, Nixon gave up.

Some Democratic Senators were so nettled by the President's secretiveness that they suspected that the whole agreement was merely a ruse to gain support for continued spending on ABM. Their rebellion is explained less by neo-isolationism than by their growing sense of impotence in foreign policy making (see TIME ESSAY). Nixon might have spared himself considerable trouble if he had let a few key Senators know what he was up to. Mansfield, for example, was rather vaguely informed only hours before the Senate vote.

No Euphoria. All in all, Nixon had staged quite a glittering display of presidential power. While taking obvious pride in what he had achieved, the President and his men were careful not to overstate it. "We have no false sense of euphoria and no jubilant sense of victory," cautioned a White House aide. Yet by its optimistic plan, the White House hopes to reach an agreement by the end of this year that will definitely put some limit on ABMs and SS-9s. After that, who can say? Maybe a triumphant pre-election trip to Moscow to sign a historic disarmament treaty with Brezhnev and Kosygin.

This dream will be put to the test when the SALT talks resume in July. Then it will soon become evident whether the Soviets are negotiating in good faith, and whether at last the two superpowers can begin to limit the nuclear weaponry that has threatened the survival of the world for more than a generation.

The Cities: Forecast for Summer

IT is the season for that glum annual speculation: Will the nation's cities erupt in racial violence? As temperatures climb and hundreds of thousands of youths find themselves jobless in the ghetto streets, this year the tinder is drier than it has been since the fiery spring of 1968. While the urban ghettos have seemed quiet for a long time, it was plain all along that there was discouragement, if not despair, beneath the surface, and that violent anger could again erupt if conditions failed to improve.

Recession has cut deeply into the number of available summer jobs. With their tax bases disappearing into the white suburbs, many of the cities are curtailing welfare payments and recreation services. Says Sol Linowitz, chairman of the National Urban Coalition: "When that 90° weather comes and people can't sleep and they can't be fed and they feel there's no hope anywhere, this is a tinderbox."

The black unemployment rate nationally is 10%—v. 5.6% for whites—and in many cities it is far worse, especially among teen-agers. About 1,800,000 of the young poor will be seeking work this summer. Unemployment among poor youths in Los Angeles is more than 30%. In that city alone, about 125,000 14- to 18-year-olds will be idle on the streets.

Business, which raised the economic expectations of young blacks during the late 1960s by offering extra employment, can provide little help. Asked to hire minority youths, a California electronics executive answered: "How can I hire kids when I'm laying off fathers?" In Chicago, the mayor's office estimates

that 60% of the young job seekers will fail to find employment.

Welfare budgets are being trimmed, with ominous effect. Shortly after the New York State welfare budget was cut, the Brownsville ghetto of Brooklyn exploded in two days of rioting. California's Governor Ronald Reagan has proposed reducing welfare and medical benefits—cuts which may affect up to 2,000,000 people.

Closing the Pools. On top of such deprivations, cities staving off bankruptcy are closing playgrounds and other recreation facilities. In New York, the 25 large city swimming pools provided for 2,200,000 youngsters will probably be closed evenings for lack of funds to pay for their supervision.

The key to whether or not the frustrations will boil into violence undoubtedly lies with the young blacks. Says Boston's A. Reginald Eaves, head of the mayor's human rights office: "When the black kids find they can't get a piece of the pie, they're going to get a piece of the action. That means trouble." As Americans learned during the riots of the 1960s, however, ghetto violence explodes by a wholly unpredictable chemistry. The arrest of a cab driver was enough to trigger the 1967 riot in Newark. In New York last week, four policemen were gunned down—two of them fatally shot in the back, the other two critically wounded by sub-machine-gun fire into their patrol car. It was assumed that the shootings were racially motivated.

Rat-Tat-Tat. After the experiences of Newark, Detroit and other cities, blacks are painfully aware that riots can be disastrously counterproductive. Some time ago, Chicago's Rev. Jesse Jackson observed sardonically: "Blacks can't win a shooting war when they are talking about bang-bang and the whites are talking about rat-tat-tat-tat and boom-boom-boom." One of the most powerful arguments that black leaders quite properly use to discourage rioting is that violence would only bring about a renewed right-wing backlash, cancel much of the move toward moderation that was evident in last November's elections, and divert attention from the call for social reform to the demand for law-and-order.

In many larger cities police community-relations programs and more sophisticated riot-control methods have helped ease trouble. Police have learned to avoid provocative confrontations; now they slip into the ghetto quietly instead of barging in with sirens wailing. If trouble does come, the cops tend to use tear gas instead of bullets.

Yet the frustration of the ghettos is as deep or deeper now than it was at the height of the riot season several years ago. Some explosions seem almost certain. Perhaps they will not be on the scale of Watts or Newark, but they may well be the nastiest since 1968.

NEW YORK COPS EXAMINE SCENE OF POLICE DEATHS





RIZZO & WIFE AT VICTORY CELEBRATION
Inspiring either admiration or dismay.

POLITICS

A Tough Cop for Mayor

As Philadelphia's police commissioner from 1967 until early this year, Frank Rizzo was a burly monument to law-and-order. He ran the force with an iron hand and the instincts of a street fighter from South Philadelphia where he was raised. During his career, when heads were banged, white or more often black, Rizzo frequently made it a point to be there to do the banging. "I am," he often boasted, a thick finger stabbing the air, "the toughest cop in America." Last week in an emotional Democratic primary, Rizzo, 50, rolled over liberal Congressman William J. Green, with Hardy Williams, a black state representative, running a distant third. Rizzo is now a strong favorite to be elected mayor of Philadelphia in November.

The issue of race was never far from the surface, and it was clearly reflected in the voting patterns. Rizzo captured 49% of the vote, amassing up to 80% majorities in white working-class and middle-class areas. Green, 32, son and namesake of the longtime Philadelphia political boss who died in 1963, polled only 35%, despite glittering endorsements from Senators John Tunney and Edward Kennedy and the tardy backing of Pennsylvania Governor Milton J. Shapp. Green ran most strongly in black wards and well-to-do Chestnut Hill.

Cisco Kid. One of three sons of a Philadelphia policeman, Rizzo more than earned his tough-cop reputation. While still a patrolman, he was nicknamed "the Cisco Kid" for breaking up a gang fight singlehanded. As commissioner, he prevented almost certain race riots by keeping large groups of police at the ready, sometimes loaded onto buses, and

rushing them into potential trouble spots at the first sign of a disturbance.

In Philadelphia, with a one-third black population and the highest incidence of black gang violence in the country, Rizzo's tactics have inspired either admiration or dismay. From the beginning Rizzo was so confident of victory that he refused to debate his opponents or make any appeal to the black vote. Instead he limited his campaign appearances—usually no more than one a day—to friendly white neighborhoods and concentrated on polishing his gruff supercop image. "I was there in every crisis when Philadelphia needed me," he told one audience. He did not have to spell out the fact that most of those crises involved blacks, crime and drugs.

Like Wallace. Rizzo's victory and Shapp's support of Green vastly complicate the Pennsylvania political landscape and the selection of the state's 182 delegates to the 1972 Democratic Convention. Shapp is thought to lean toward a Kennedy nomination, while Rizzo presumably favors Washington's more conservative Senator Henry Jackson. Rizzo will probably defeat his G.O.P. opponent, Thacher Longstreth, a former city councilman, so there is bound to be a nasty intraparty fight.

Shapp, of course, would like to be able to deliver the entire state delegation, third largest in the country. But Rizzo is not likely to forget Shapp's answer when asked if he could support the former cop if he won the primary. "In a way," said Shapp, "it would be like me supporting George Wallace for President." Shapp also hopes that the responsibilities of office will moderate Rizzo: "You can't solve the transportation problem by beating on the side of a bus with nightsticks."

ARMED FORCES

A Star Is Lost

It took more than a year for word of the My Lai massacre to reach Washington. Last week the Army punished two of the men it considered responsible for that delay. Major General Samuel W. Koster, commander of the Americal Division at the time of My Lai, was demoted one grade to Brigadier General. He and his assistant division commander, Brigadier General George H. Young Jr., were stripped of their Distinguished Service Medals and given letters of censure. That, in effect, ended their military careers.

Before My Lai, Koster had an outstanding military record. He had commanded an infantry battalion in Europe in World War II and had served with the Eighth Army in Korea. His fellow officers were clearly unhappy with his treatment. They argued that he was only following the old Army practice of protecting his men. But Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor, who handed down the punishment just before he resigned last week, maintained that Koster had evidence that possible war crimes had been committed at My Lai, and it was his professional duty to make a report. Koster did in fact inquire into the incident. He asked Colonel Oran Henderson, commander of the brigade that included Lieut. William Calley's Charlie Company, to fill him in. Henderson is being tried by court-martial for failing to make a proper report.

Koster left his post as superintendent of West Point last year when he was charged with dereliction of duty. Later, criminal charges against him were dropped because there was no evidence that he had deliberately intended to cover up the massacre. When informed of his demotion, Koster broke silence to call the punishment "unfair and unjust."

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BRIGADIER GENERAL SAMUEL KOSTER
Demotion for a delay.

New Day A'Coming in the South

"I say to you quite frankly that the time for racial discrimination is over. Our people have already made this major and difficult decision. No poor, rural, weak or black person should ever have to bear the additional burden of being deprived of the opportunity of an education, a job or simple justice."

A PROMISE so long coming, spoken at last. Within the shadow of monuments to a different promise—the statues of Confederate soldiers, of the political captains of a demagogic past—James Earl Carter Jr., 76th Governor of Georgia, delivered his inaugural address. It heralded the end of that final Southern extravagance, the classic rhetoric of "never." The reality of 17 years of court decisions, demonstrations, black-voter registration and legislation was clearly seen across the South as Carter and other moderate Governors took office this year, giving the region new political voices, new images, new goals.

The triumphs of last autumn, fulfilled in the January oath takings, did not happen without struggle. In South Carolina, Republican Albert Watson blatantly pitched his gubernatorial campaign to racial fears. He was defeated by Democrat John West, who pledged a "color-blind" administration and ap-

pointed a black to a top advisory post. West's promises were rooted in more than altruism: political analysts attribute his slim victory margin to some 110,000 black voters. The altered arithmetic of South Carolina politics has even touched that prototype of the traditional Southern claghorn, Senator Strom Thurmond. Thurmond recently hired the former director of a black-voter registration project to run his home-state office in Columbia. Said one South Carolina politician: "Next to having that baby at age 68, it's the best thing Strom has done." Governors Reubin Askew of Florida, Dale Bumpers of Arkansas and Linwood Holton of Virginia are, like Carter and West, cut in the new moderate mold (see box, page 18).

Region of Investment

There are other harbingers. In the eleven states of the Old Confederacy, there are 665 black elected officials—state legislators, mayors, sheriffs and judges, county commissioners, city councilmen and school-board members. Last November, 110 blacks won political office, for a net gain of 75. Everywhere, the South's 3,350,000 black voters are a powerful new factor in the region's electoral equation. In some areas, black officials have taken control of the columned county courthouses that were the symbols of white domination; elsewhere, the impact of newly registered blacks has forced white politicians into accommodations that seemed unthinkable five years ago, with more to come.

Throughout the South, there are signs that the region is abandoning the fateful uniqueness that has retarded its development and estranged its people. William Faulkner's South—heavy with ghostly Spanish moss, penumbral myths and morbid attachment to the past—is giving way to a South that has discovered it does not need fable to shore up its pride or the past to cloud its future. Moreover, a generation after the process was largely completed in the rest of the U.S., the South is caught up in an economic expansion that is reshaping its social order. The South has become at last a region of investment, both human and economic.

For the first decade since the Civil War, more people moved into the 16 states of the South and the District of Columbia from 1960 to 1970 than migrated to other parts of the country. The population drain in which 3.5 million residents fled the region between

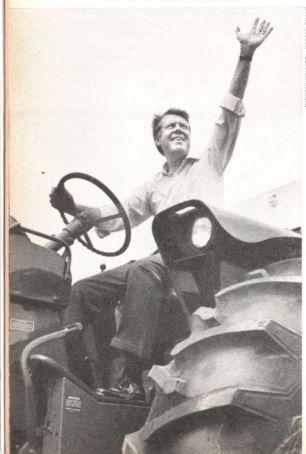
1940 and 1950 was reversed in the last census. In a recent survey six of the ten states with the largest growth rate in new manufacturing plants were states of the Old Confederacy. The agrarian economy of King Cotton has been toppled by agribusiness. Sharecroppers have been replaced by machinery; new cash crops and livestock—peanuts, soybeans, poultry—have idled cotton gins and made rural entrepreneurs out of once hard-scrabble farmers. Many of the rest simply moved off the land and into the cities of the North, West and, increasingly, of the South itself. There have been vast changes in where Southerners live, how they live, and the ways in which they must share that life with the region's blacks. The South's social and political institutions—and the convoluted psychology that was their shaker—are in the process being shaken into fresh alignments and priorities.

Nowhere can the promise—and the serious problems—of the emerging South be seen as readily as in Jimmy Carter's state of Georgia. The Southern boom has urbanized and industrialized Georgia more quickly and completely than the rest of the Deep South. Georgia leads the region's indexes of growth and change. However, at the same time, per capita income is only 80% of the national average, the dropout rate the nation's highest, government expenditures for education and social services among the lowest. A rich cast of politicians continues to vie for the state's allegiance. For example, atavism has its champion in Lester ("Pick Handle") Maddox, now lieutenant governor, and progressivism its spokesmen in Atlanta's Jewish mayor, Sam Massell, and black vice mayor, Maynard Jackson. Atlanta, the South's showcase, has built skyscrapers and an enlightened image alongside black slums that are well on the way to duplicating the misery and hopelessness of ghettos in Northern cities. Savannah rebuilds its historic colonial neighborhoods while the city fathers worry that air pollution is killing the Spanish moss. The ear of memory rings with the voices of two Georgians who articulated the state's opposites: Racist Demagogue Eugene Talmadge, who once said, "The Negro belongs to an inferior race," and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., who promised, "We shall overcome."

A Tripartite State

Georgia's landscape, like its people, is varied. To the south lies the coastal plain. There Savannah, one of the South's busiest seaports, holds itself proud and aloof from the hinterlands. Offshore are the pristine Golden Isles—Jekyll, St. Simon's and Sea Island, where rooms for \$12 a day are still available in high season. Near by, the primordial stillness of the dark brown waters of the Okefenokee Swamp keeps

JIMMY CARTER DRIVING TRACTOR



VIEW OF TRACTOR—JIMMY CARTER

the secrets of another eon. This is Georgia's black belt, where slaves worked cotton in the loamy soil and the plantation aristocracy held sway. Cotton is gone now, replaced by peanuts and the silent agriculture of Georgia pines oozing gum for turpentine.

The Piedmont plateau in central Georgia is the most populous region of the state. Atlanta, Macon, Columbus, Augusta, Athens are the population centers, and snaking away from them along the railroads and riverbeds is the majority of the state's industry: the textile factories of the Chattahoochee Valley, the more sophisticated automobile assembly plants, mobile home manufacturers, apparel and food-processing plants. The Piedmont gives the state much of its new character—aggressiveness, prosperity, a willingness to homogenize its traditions in search of the economic mainstream. The North Georgia mountains have steeped a third element into Georgia. Life in the beautiful rolling hills of the Appalachians resembles that in Tennessee and West Virginia. With the exception of Dalton (carpet industry) and Gainesville (chicken processing), North Georgia is economically depressed, a region of fiercely individual mountain folk given to such older crafts as quilting, whittling and moonshining.

The Carters of Plains

Straddling this varied state is Governor Jimmy Carter, a South Georgia peanut farmer who is both product and destroyer of the old myths. Soft-voiced, assured, looking eerily like John Kennedy from certain angles, Carter is a man as contradictory as Georgia itself, but determined to resolve some of the paradoxes.

At a conservative speed of 30 m.p.h., a visitor needs just one minute, 43 seconds to drive from the flower-banked eastern boundary of Plains, Ga. (pop. 683), past the covered wooden sidewalks that front the town's eight stores, beyond the huge sign that proclaims PLAINS, GEORGIA, HOME OF JIMMY CARTER, to the water tower at the west-side fringe. There have been Carters in Southwest Georgia for 150 years—cotton farmers, Civil War soldiers, merchants and businessmen.

James Earl Carter Sr. was in business when his first son was born on Oct. 1, 1924. He managed a grocery store, owned the town's icehouse and dry-cleaning plant and later sold farm supplies. Jimmy's uncle was a mule trader, and occasional trips to Atlanta with him to buy mules to work the fields were young Carter's only exposure to nonagrarian society. At Plains High School he played basketball and went to "prom parties," those heavily chaperoned Friday night socials where the boys signed the girls' cards for a five-

minute promenade on the front porch.

When he was 16, Carter went to college at Georgia Southwestern, nine miles away in Americus. He stayed only one year; he won an appointment to Annapolis, but had to spend another year at Georgia Tech brushing up on his mathematics. He arrived at the academy in 1943, rushing through accelerated wartime courses to graduate with distinction. After receiving his commission, Carter came back to Plains to marry his childhood neighbor, Rosalynn Smith, and they left Georgia for what was to have been a career in the Navy.

He served in the Navy for seven years, first in electronics, then on submarines. In 1951 he went to work for Admiral Hyman Rickover on the Navy's nuclear-submarine program. For two years he watched over the building of one of the first nuclear submarines and the training of its crew by day and studied nuclear physics at night.

His military career came to an abrupt end in 1953 with the death of his father; Carter came home to manage the family interests. The couple arrived just in time to preside over a peanut crop failure; the business netted \$184 that first year. Slowly Carter began to build, stepping up his father's practice of buying local farmers' peanuts, then selling in bulk to the big processors. Today Carter Warehouse grosses \$800,000 annually, and the Carter family owns, through various partnerships, 2,500 acres in Sumter and adjoining Webster County.

But the work of a Plains businessman did not occupy all his energies. Carter launched a warehousemen's association, ran for the school board, later the local hospital board. He joined civic groups, became a deacon of the Plains Baptist Church and finally wandered onto the political stump. His first whiff of electioneering was Georgia politics at its gamiest. During his election for state senator, the newcomer found some irregularities in one of the ballot boxes; an investigation and recount showed that Carter had been beaten by voters who were dead, jailed or never at the polls on Election Day. The election was reversed in his favor.

When Jimmy Carter went to the state legislature in 1962, he seemed just another country politician who had a special interest in education. But ten years out of his state, the exposure of travel and education, had changed Carter. He recalled the stunted development of the



MODERN HOTEL IN DOWNTOWN ATLANTA
The Southern city of the future.

blacks of his youth: "We would play together as children, then something would happen at about age twelve or 14. Suddenly when you're playing, he would step back and open a gate for you or you wouldn't do certain things together any more. Then in later years, you'd go off to college or a job, and he would stay. And everyone kind of expected that."

A Prophet Without Honor

The expectations of Plains were no longer those of the young politician: members of Carter's church attempted to boycott his business after he made an impassioned speech against excluding blacks from church membership.

His first race for statewide office was the 1966 Democratic gubernatorial primary. Running on his progressive record as a state senator, he moved from the status of an unknown to a surprising third-place position in the crowded contest that, after a runoff, was finally won by Lester Maddox. Carter started preparations for the 1970 race immediately after that defeat. He took to poring over old Georgia budgets, and at the other extreme, stretching his mind on the likes of Reinhold Niebuhr and Dylan Thomas. Carter encircled the state scores of times, delivering 1,800 speeches to small-town civic groups, schools and agriculture associations.

When the campaign officially opened



ATLANTA SINGLES AT UNCLE SAM'S



BLACK GHETTO IN ATLANTA

Misery in the shadow of the skyscrapers.

in the summer of 1970, Carter's contacts and grass-roots identification helped him put together a smooth political machine. To get elected, it was necessary to make some gestures toward the past: he opposed busing, visited a private segregated academy and said he would welcome meetings with George Wallace. He also appealed to the ever-potent populist instincts of the state by promising to oppose Establishment power brokers and big money interests. He beat former Governor Carl Sanders in the Democratic runoff and went on to a 200,000-vote victory over the Republican candidate, Atlanta Television Newsmen Hal Suit.

Then came the inaugural. In the four months since taking office, Carter has expanded on the few startling sentences with which he began his administration. He told TIME's Atlanta Bureau Chief Joseph Kane: "I know my people, and I am saying what they are thinking. The people of Georgia have been through periods of great crisis. My generation has had to assimilate many changes. Our black and white citizens have decided there will be no more restraint on their search to work together. Our problems

and our opportunities are completely mutual. We have a lot of problems still left concerning race, but we are no longer preoccupied with this problem to the exclusion of others. There is a new dynamic, a new freedom that exists throughout the South."

Bringing the South Back

This new dynamic that Carter sees at work in Georgia is in an odd fashion the outgrowth of that old preoccupation with racial issues. Says Emory University Political Scientist James Clotfelter Jr.: "The walls did not come tumbling down when schools were integrated. The people expected things to be so utterly bad that there was no way that integration problems could meet the expectations of the whites." Indeed, that has been the story with each painfully wrought accommodation between the races, from desegregating public facilities to abolishing the dual school system. The apocalyptic prophecies of the racist Jeremiahs have gone unfulfilled; the South had unknowingly built a buffer out of its nightmares. Adds Clotfelter: "People who said, 'Never, never, never!' have done it, done it, done it. The South is used to losing battles; now it is making the best of the peace."

The South is also being accorded its political due in new ways. Much of President Nixon's Southern Strategy was unsound, for it appealed to the baser instincts of the South. But it also rightfully acknowledged the necessity of restoring the region's sense of belonging to the rest of the nation, of bringing the South into national political councils. The appointment of a Southern jurist to the Supreme Court was an admirable goal. But Nixon chose poorly in both his attempts. His efforts to slow the completion of school integration and to prevent busing as a means of racially balancing the South's schools were likewise ill-conceived, and the Supreme Court has rebuked him at each turn.

Still, the presidential attentions lavished on the South are being furiously emulated by the Democrats. For the

first time in almost a decade, Democratic presidential aspirants are courting the South. Edmund Muskie, Birch Bayh, Henry Jackson and Hubert Humphrey have recently called on Carter to discuss the lay of the votes in '72. And Carter and his colleagues in the other Southern states are assembling a caucus to be reckoned with at convention time. As ever in the background lurks George Wallace. Even George has caught the new spirit of the South to the extent that he has toned down his racial rhetoric. But his presence still serves to hold national politicians of both parties to the historic and fundamental Southern notion of populism: defending the little man, attacking the Establishment.

By far the most important factor in the emerging moderation is economic. Successful industrialization has helped to ease the classic white fear: the loss of an already marginal existence to black competition. Says Clotfelter: "In prosperity, you don't need scapegoats. You don't have to blame or apologize for giving blacks jobs if you have enough jobs to go around." The immigration of a new managerial class and the formation of strong business leadership have altered the state's politics further. The landed gentry from the antebellum mansions who had so long manipulated the state's agrarian economy have yielded to commercial captains from suburban split-levels. Pickpocket politics no longer sets poor white against poor black for scarce jobs; rather it works in a growing job market to depress wages and make union organizing difficult. Growth has been slowed somewhat by the recession, but a firm federal floor under the Southern economy has so far protected the region from wide fluctuations. Military payrolls and farm subsidies—economic buffers carefully cultivated by the South's high-seniority senators and congressmen—have cushioned the recession's impact.

Atlanta: Too Busy to Hate

Economic expediency has also eased Georgia's social reckoning, particularly in Atlanta. While other major Southern cities were witnessing the spectacle of defiance, in Atlanta a coalition of black and white businessmen, politicians, editors and civic leaders gathered behind then-Mayor Ivan Allen Jr. to shape a different image for the capital: "The city too busy to hate." Dr. Vivian Henderson, president of Clark College, feels not too much should be made of Atlanta's motives: "Self-enlightenment is not the takeoff point. The most potent factor has been the national policies that forced the South to change its ways of doing business—the court orders, the executive orders and the new legislation in civil rights. If it had not been for these factors, the steps the business community would have taken would have been minuscule."

So the word went out. When the laws tumbled down upon the state, there would be no standing in the door, no

fire hoses or dogs. There were exceptions, such as Lester Maddox brandishing his pistol and pick handle in front of his fried chicken emporium, students rioting at the University of Georgia when the first black students were admitted. But Mayor Ivan Allen was the first Southern politician to testify in favor of the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, and Atlanta became a weekend oasis for civil rights workers from Mississippi and Alabama.

Atlanta is the state's and the South's showcase, the Southern city of the future. Its skyline has lifted with the boom. Major league sports teams have come to play in a new stadium; a \$13 million cultural palace houses a theater company, an art museum and symphony orchestra. It is the sophisticated home of eager businessmen and dropped-out young people, *Hari Krishna* chanters and fundamentalist ranters, Lester Maddox and Ralph David Abernathy, braless Women's Libbers and aging United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Repeating Older Mistakes

At opposite ends of Atlanta's Peachtree Street, the white youth of the South trace across a gap within a generation. Airline stewardesses and young businessmen by the hundreds push into a converted warehouse called Uncle Sam's six nights a week for beer and music. They are the city's singles, decked out in bell-bottoms and hot pants, in from the fancy apartment complexes surrounding Atlanta. At midnight Friday and Saturday, they don Uncle Sam paper hats passed out by the management to the tune of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* and *Dixie*. When Lieut. William Calley was released from the Fort Benning stockade, Owner Don Davis dedicated the night's festivities "to Richard Nixon and Rusty Calley." Says Davis: "This is where the Silent Majority can make noise."

Farther downtown on Peachtree, another youth community holds sway. Boutiques and head shops, long hair and beards, communal living and radical politics set the residents of the counter-culture's Southern headquarters off from their contemporaries at Uncle Sam's. Although resistance to the hippies has resulted in periodic crackdowns along "The Strip," the community has emerged with its own self-help alliance to provide social and medical services to the permanent and transient members of the neighborhood. The hip community is now so firmly established on the city's scene that Mayor Massell dropped in on a recent "People's Fair" in near-by Piedmont Park. Massell's ingenious explanation: "I'm people, aren't I?"

But there is a darker side to Atlanta, the hint of a Potemkin village that masks the same patterns killing cities elsewhere in the nation. Whites are fleeing to the suburbs, leaving behind an inner-city population that is 51.3% black. Unemployment among the marginally skilled blacks of the ghettos is three times that

of the city's whites. Although it boasts one of the world's busiest airports and a rail network that feeds the Southeast, Atlanta's commuters creep bumper to bumper in rush-hour traffic unrelieved by mass transit. Within minutes of downtown is bucolic countryside—but Peachtree Creek and the Chattahoochee River are badly polluted. Inexorably, Atlanta moves toward repeating the environmental and demographic mistakes of older cities. Neon and tacky developments push the city's fringes across the landscape, and unified planning is just getting under way.

The Harvest in the Schools

Progress has its aesthetic price, too. Poet James Dickey is a former Atlanta resident who has fled rather than pay it. Only 25% of today's Atlantans are natives, and Dickey feels alienated from them: "The most valuable thing about the South was its sense of community. This is slowly disappearing with the onslaught of industry and the change it brings. There are restless, nomadic people coming to the South. There is a loss of grace, of leisure. Things will go and never reappear."

As has been the case throughout history, the destinies of white and black Southerners are inextricably interwoven. Slave and master, cracker and freedman, suburban executive and street-wise ghetto hustler have all been disfigured by racism. The emerging South is now facing that ancient whirlwind in its schools.

The legal framework that toppled up, then demolished dual schools is rote to Southerners: *Plessy, Brown, Alexander*, and last month's busing decision *Swann*. Georgia was the first Southern state blanketed with a statewide court order to dismantle its separate school systems. Elaborate evasions were constructed at each step and today, though desegregated on paper, circumventions continue. Private academies were established by parents who could afford to buy segregation. Some public schools integrated their enrollments, but not their classrooms: a favorite dodge is segregation by sex, thus, an all-girl history class drones through the same material

that an all-boy class covers in a room down the hall.

At Gainesville High School, a girls' physical education class is predominantly black: the instructor explains that white girls are taking the required one year of physical education and no more. In the cafeteria, students save seats at their tables for friends; the blacks eat on one side, the whites on the other. A transfer of teachers to balance racially the faculties of the Atlanta public schools turned out defiant crowds of students and parents, and brought threats of mass teacher resignations. Black students were resentful when their schools were arbitrarily closed to keep the identity of white schools alive; they mounted protests in Athens and Atlanta. Black teachers found themselves downgraded, out of jobs, or bearing the brunt of white criticism over the quality of education.

Many school districts quietly followed HEW guidelines and court orders. At LaGrange, a textile town near the Alabama border, a white parent complains bitterly about the poor education her children are receiving. Then she adds: "I can't afford the private academy, so all I can do is try to find some way to help upgrade the teachers." A student

WAYNE WILSON—LEVITON ATLANTA



ATLANTA SCHOOLCHILDREN AT PLAY

INTEGRATED HIGH SCHOOL BAND IN AMERICUS, GA.



at upper-class Northside High School in Atlanta describes a short-lived rebellion: "We threatened to walk out when the black kids started coming here, but our parents threatened to take our cars away from us if we did." In small-town Woodbury, a black cook summed up: "If I had just had the opportunity my child is getting, I would think somebody had given me a pot of gold."

The inequities of generations do not vanish overnight. The continuing complaints about the competence of black teachers constitute white Georgians' first experience with the awful toll of separate and unequal. Says Dr. Benjamin Mays, retired president of Morehouse College and chairman of the Atlanta school board: "If a black teacher is not good enough to teach a white kid, then he shouldn't be teaching black kids ei-

ther. Black teachers were never said to be incompetent until they were sent to teach white children. We are in chaos and we are going to be in it for some time." Despite the upheavals, integration still carries one great promise: young Georgians have come to know, as their parents never did, the athletes, youthful scholars and leaders of another race.

Both black and white share more than a common stake in their schools.

Four Men for the New Season

Jimmy Carter is but one of a new stripe of moderate flourishing these days below the Mason-Dixon line. Herewith sketches of four other Governors whose elections reflected, and whose actions in office are helping shape the attitudes of the emerging South:

LINWOOD HOLTON OF VIRGINIA

He took office on Jan. 17, 1970, as the Commonwealth of Virginia's first Republican Governor in nearly a century. It was a ringing inaugural. Standing on the steps of the capitol of the Confederacy in Richmond, Holton proclaimed: "Let our goal in Virginia be an aristocracy of ability, regardless of race, color or creed." As if that were not enough for a genteel white Virginia to swallow in one day, Holton went on to invoke a provocative mem-

BOB BROWN



VIRGINIA'S HOLTON

ory: "Let us, as Lincoln said, insist upon an open society 'with malice toward none; with charity for all.'"

White and black Virginia—home of states' rights, the Byrd machine and massive resistance to integration—wondered if the ruddy, ebullient Holton really meant what he said. He did. After 16 months in office, he is justly proud of his efforts to eliminate racial discrimination. He appointed the first black special assistant to serve in the Virginia Governor's office, Educator William Robertson, who has been working effectively to increase opportunities for blacks in both public and private employment. The Governor nominated Er-

nest Fears Jr. to the post of Selective Service director, the first black in the nation to head a statewide system.

To back up his policies with personal commitment, Holton sent his three school-age children to predominantly black public schools in Richmond. He did so at a time when many white parents were withdrawing their children rather than comply with court-ordered busing (Holton himself does not approve of busing). His gesture was all the more impressive in that he had a technical escape hatch: the Governor's mansion lies on state, not city property, and he could have sent his children to any school he chose.

Now 47, Holton was born in Big Stone Gap in the southwestern mountains of Virginia, the son of the president of a small coal-hauling railroad. He was graduated from Washington and Lee University and Harvard Law School, was a World War II submarine officer. As a Roanoke attorney, he organized almost singlehandedly the G.O.P. in Virginia, even though he was defeated twice for the house of delegates and in his first try for the governorship in 1965.

JOHN WEST OF SOUTH CAROLINA

He appears the very model of the Southern politician: balding, rather stout, a devoted Democrat who dutifully worked his way up through party ranks. He spent twelve patient, hard-working years in the state senate and four years as lieutenant governor. In a gubernatorial campaign rife with racial overtones, West displayed a commendable combination of traditional Southern eloquence and a considered program for his state's future. His opponent, Republican Congressman Albert Watson, repeatedly played on the racist theme of unrest in South Carolina's desegregated schools. West calmly denounced such emotional exploitation and mapped out an intelligent program for solving the state's economic, educational and health problems. The voters responded by giving the affable Presbyterian elder a 53% majority.

West has so far used his mandate wisely. Vowing to break "the vicious cycle of illiteracy, ignorance and poverty," he pledged to minority groups "no spe-

WAYNE WILSON—LEVITON-ATLANTA



SOUTH CAROLINA'S WEST

cial status other than full-fledged responsibility in a government that is totally color blind." He established a Human Relations Advisory Commission to troubleshoot touchy racial problems, and hired as a top aide a young black social worker, James Clyburn. West also made a startling gesture for a South Carolina Governor by hailing the conviction (by an all-white jury) of three white men who overturned school buses in the strife-torn community of Lamar.

West, 48, was raised by his widowed mother on a farm in Camden, in the heart of South Carolina's horse country. After serving as an intelligence officer in the Pacific in World War II, he won his law degree from the University of South Carolina. He served four years in the state highway department and was elected to the state senate in 1954. Despite widespread support, he is now faced with an attack from the state's schoolteachers, who have demanded a \$1,500 pay hike. Although seriously concerned with South Carolina's educational problems, he has promised taxpayers that they will not shoulder an additional burden because, as he puts it, "so many of the working are taking home less than they did a year ago."

REUBEN ASKEW OF FLORIDA

He should not, by all sound political reckoning, be Governor of his sprawling, complex state. His Pensacola hometown is considered something of a no-man's land far from the madding Democratic

Economic prosperity, though far behind the white level, has reached into the black community. Atlanta has had a large black middle class for several generations. Centered on the five colleges and theological institute of Atlanta University Center, these blacks have long controlled their own economic and political life. Shut off from white financial channels, they developed alternative economic institutions—banks, in-

surance companies, small businesses.

The civil rights movement of the '60s drew many of its leaders from this black middle class, including Martin Luther King Jr. and Julian Bond. Theirs was a generation that profoundly changed the attitudes of the nation, and those who remain in the neighborhoods they left are enjoying the fruits of that change. New jobs opened up for educated blacks, and their affluence

is reflected in spacious homes, manicured lawns, swimming pools and two-car garages. Often scorned by militant blacks, the affluent middle class walks a line between memory of the old and pride over its success with the new. Says Commerce Department Official Jake Henderson: "They may think we're not in sympathy with the black revolution, but the black really never thinks in terms of middle class status. He thinks, 'How

vote centers of Southern Florida. His opponents in last year's Democratic primaries were State Senate President John Mathews, Attorney General Earl Furchcloth and Dade County Mayor Chuck Hall, three of the best-known men in the state. In a high-rolling state that likes politics with pizzazz, Askew is a nonsmoking teetotaler who devotes most of his spare time to Presbyterian Church activities. Further, he ran on a platform of substantial tax reform that would cost big business many of its traditional tax breaks, and he chose as his running mate for Lieutenant Governor a man who had already announced his political retirement in the face of \$100,000 in unpaid campaign debts.

Yet Askew, 42, had quietly but forcefully built a solid strategic base during his twelve years in the state legislature. Though he represented the state's westernmost, ultraconservative district, he often sided on key issues with legislators from populous Southern Florida. While his district had a greater voice in the wildly malapportioned legislature than its population warranted, Askew was one of the leaders for reapportionment. He gained a reputation for sincerity and fair play; that, coupled with his promise of tough tax, welfare and prison reform measures, helped him through the primaries and then easily to whip incumbent Republican Governor Claude Kirk.

Askew is keeping his promises. He is already pressing for major new revenues from the business community, and he has asked the legislature to repeal the residential utilities segment of the state's 4% sales tax, which hits Floridians in low-income brackets the hardest. He

wants more funds and greater authority for the Department of Community Affairs (Florida's version of HUD), which is headed by a black woman. He called for a complete overhaul of the prison system—well before the state's largest prison at Raiford was riven by riots.

A native of Muskogee, Okla., and the youngest of six children, Askew moved to Pensacola with his mother when he was eight. He majored in public administration at Florida State University, served as an Air Force officer during the Korean War, and later earned a law degree at the University of Florida. Friends say that his sincerity and preference for solitude mask a two-fisted fighter. Askew has a sense of the necessity of an integrated South. He thinks last fall's elections of moderates signal "a departure from the custom wherein the person who took the hard racial line always won." He adds: "The South is ready to adjust and become part of the nation."

DALE BUMPERS OF ARKANSAS

Having never served in a statewide office, Dale Bumpers emerged from the Ozark foothills last summer to trounce two of the most formidable politicians in Arkansas history: former Governor Orval Faubus in a Democratic primary and Republican Governor Winthrop Rockefeller in the November election. Many observers attribute his success to the fact that Arkansas' essentially homey population was fed up with professional politicians and was looking for a new, unspoiled face.

Bumpers, 45, has an appealing face and style, a handsome profile nicely complemented by a smooth speaking voice and a wit and grace vaguely reminiscent of Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy. Those are the men he professes to admire. He has courage too: he let it be known that he was appalled at the public outcry over the conviction of Lieut. Calley. Indeed, Razorback voters, taken with his manifest charms, probably tended to overlook the fact that Bumpers is really more a liberal than a moderate. Still, they well remember the specter of Faubus and the searing national spotlight that was focused on their state. Bumpers' avowed reason for entering the race was to prevent Faubus from regaining office. Said he: "How could I face my children and grandchildren if I allowed that to happen without a fight?"

Bumpers enjoyed a halcyon life before his political adventure. Born and reared in Charleston, Ark., he attended the University of Arkansas, later received a law degree from Northwestern. He served with the Marines in the Pacific during World War II, then returned to Charleston to set up practice and eventually go into the cattle business. Bumpers was an old-fashioned community pillar: married, father of three, director of the Methodist Church choir, Boy Scout troop leader, school board member and finally, city attorney. His sole setback: in 1954 he ran for the state legislature and was roundly defeated.

Such a defeat is not likely to happen again. Already Bumpers has shown a flair for dealing with the state's stolid legislature (in the face of which even Faubus sat on his hands during his first term in office). In three short months Bumpers managed to accomplish a re-

WAYNE WILSON—LEVITON ATLANTA



ARKANSAS' BUMPERS

organization of the governmental bureaucracy, a removal of use-tax exemptions for utilities, an increase in the cigarette and personal income tax, and legislation giving home-rule powers to the cities. He also made inroads into two of the state's thorniest problems, gaining a pay increase of \$900 for teachers and eliciting new funds for prison construction and rehabilitation.

Says Bumpers: "My election and the victories of Governors Carter in Georgia, West in South Carolina and Askew in Florida weren't coincidences. There has been a cry for new leadership in the South."



FLORIDA'S ASKEW

can I improve myself and my family?" and then he thinks, 'How can I improve my race?'"

Perhaps the most dramatic example of the fusion of law, economics and the awakening political power of blacks currently shaping the South can be found in the renaissance of Hancock County. Five years after a voter-registration drive began reclaiming the blacks' franchise, Hancock County's courthouse is run by a predominantly black school board, county commission

selves, one that has been historically denied them. Although deep-seated feelings change slowly, the region's whites are learning at last to accept this new place for the blacks in their midst. It is not surprising that this process has taken so long, for though it lost the Civil War, the South succeeded at spiritual secession. In other words the South has been isolated from the national experience, Notes Historian C. Vann Woodward: "Success and victory are still national habits of mind." Or as Arthur Schlesinger puts it: "American character is bottomed upon the profound conviction that nothing in the world is beyond its power to accomplish." The Southern experience, on the other hand, is not with success, but with failure; its preoccupation is not with innocence, but with guilt. The Southern heritage is a very un-American one of poverty, frustration, humiliation and defeat. Because of this insecurity, the forgiveness, the innocence that is necessary for tolerance has eluded the Southern psychology. The meaning of Jimmy Carter, of the leaders like him and the people who elected them is that, at long last, all this is changing.

Making history—not living in its vain-glories and myths—is the challenge and promise of the South today. The Southern frontier closed in that awful moment when the first man came to the South in bondage, locking the Southern experience into its tragic course. Three and one-half centuries later, the thrall can be broken, the frontier reopened. The South can grow rich while there is still time to safeguard the land from despoliation. It can acquire once more the political power of the sons who helped articulate the nation's independence. Above all, it has a chance to shed its old hatreds and show the U.S. the way to a truly integrated society.

like a hungry Doberman pinscher taking over from a St. Bernard. Dole is articulate and often abrasive, a four-term former Congressman who suffered a World War II wound that has made his right arm virtually useless. He has been the President's most vigorous and consistent champion in the Senate since he moved up to that body in 1969. With the political winds now full of potential Democratic contenders, he has had no trouble finding new targets.

Jugular. Dole is fiercely ambitious and aggressive. His instinct for the jugular and the groin is well matched by his top aide and "communications director," Franklyn ("Lyn") Nofziger, a former Ronald Reagan secretary who is currently on loan from the White House. Should Dole miss a target, Nofziger, also the "editorial overseer" of the party newsletter *Monday*, is there to pot it. Together they have breathed new life into the party apparatus.

Dole averages a speech a day. The sub-



LESTER MADDOX CLOWNING
Pick-handle atavism.

and judge of the ordinary. But holding political control over a dying, poverty-ridden county is an empty victory, so Hancock's blacks are trying to create a new standard of living to make power worthwhile. In a tiny hamlet called Mayfield, the East Central Committee for Opportunity, a foundation-funded economic arm of Hancock's blacks, is building one of the world's largest and most scientific catfish farms. The \$1,000,000 300-acre farm includes a hatchery and a flash-freeze processing plant. The farm is being built with concrete blocks from another E.C.C.O. plant by a contractor who agreed to the E.C.C.O. demand that unskilled black laborers be taught the operation of heavy construction equipment. Says Director John McCown: "We're going to reverse the pattern of rural migration. We used to have kids leaving town in their taxis on graduation night. Now we got them coming here from Viet Nam and staying. You've got to decide whether you want someone else telling you what to do, or whether you want to grab a corner of the land and make a piece of history for yourself."

Blacks in Hancock and across the South are creating a place for them-

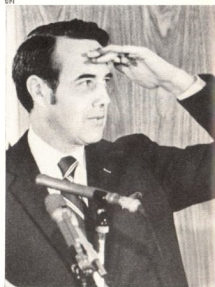
REPUBLICANS

Dole-ing It Out

Robert Dole of Kansas, was not even Richard Nixon's second choice for G.O.P. national chairman. But he ingratiated himself with the White House as an effective sniper, and since his appointment this January, the upstart Senate freshman has earned a reputation as the Administration's No. 1 gunslinger. In a season when the President has chosen to lower his partisan profile, Dole has stepped into the breach as party defender and cheerleader, spraying shot and zapping Democrats with Agnewesque zeal.

To be sure, the Vice President, currently in the statesman-like pose of revenue-sharing salesman, has not completely abandoned polemics (see *THE PRESS*). Dole insists that he is not trying to replace Agnew as what he calls "the No. 1 chopper and gut cutter." Yet in a sense, he is the new Agnew.

When Dole, 47, succeeded the hulking, amiable Rogers Morton it was, according to a White House aide, a little



DOLE SPEAKING IN WASHINGTON
In a sense, the new Agnew.

jects of his partisan assaults in the Senate and from rostrums around the U.S. have run the gamut of Administration hobgoblins:

VIET NAM. "The same political party that brought American combat troops into a shooting war in Asia is now trying to tie the hands of the President who has undone the wreckage they left behind them in 1969."

THE ECONOMY. "Those whose guns-and-butter economics led us into an inflation that has robbed the purse of every person in the nation continue to call for the kinds of programs and spending that will only refuel that inflation."

SENATOR EDMUND MUSKIE. "A political Rip Van Winkle who awoke from his long

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**Coming
Through.**

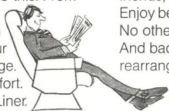
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**Most of cigarette smoke is gas.
Lark's Gas-TrapTM filter uses the same type
of charcoal to scrub smoke
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If you like the taste of gas you'll hate the taste of Lark.

Lark Filter King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Nov. '70).



political nap and started attacking President Nixon."

RAMSEY CLARK. "A left-leaning marshmallow" whose defense of the Rev. Philip Berrigan exemplifies "what is wrong with the Democratic Party today."

Br'er Rabbit. That last charge embarrassed even Dole. Still, under Dole's approving eye, Nofziger continues to zero in on such Democratic weak points as Muskie's temper tantrums and Hubert Humphrey's vice presidential stance on the war. In a recent "analytical piece" on opposition candidates, for example, *Monday* damned Humphrey for being "as wrapped up in the blunders and errors of the Viet Nam War in the '60s as Br'er Rabbit was in the Tar-Baby."

For all his acerbity, Dole has a first-rate sense of humor, even about himself. He likes to tell a yarn about how he came to be party chairman: "I was going through the White House one morning with the rest of the tourists, and the President spotted me. He said: 'Aren't you from Russell, Kansas?' I said I was, and he told me he'd always wanted a national chairman from Russell, Kansas. That's how I got it."

POETS

The Monument Ogdenal

He was easily the best-known—and possibly the best—American practitioner of a subtle art that is always more serious than it seems: the writing of light verse. As he observed in one of his last poems: "In chaos subliminal/What remains constant but buffoonery?"

He had few peers when it came to observing human foibles with a kind of wry delight, and he was undoubted master of the unique form that he devised: the line that runs on and on, metric foot after metric foot, only to snap to an end with an outrageously contrived rhyme that usually manages to contain a real groaner of a pun. When Ogden Nash died of heart failure last week at 68 in Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital, he left an affectionate and inventive verbal legacy. Said his friend and editor Ned Bradford of Little, Brown: "He reflected all the joys and vexations of American life in those resigned but cheerful verses."

Some of his lines have become a part of American folklore.

*If called by a panther,
Don't anther.*

*In the Vanities,
No one wears panities.*

*Candy
Is dandy
But liquor
Is quicker.*

—to which he recently appended a contemporary afterthought:

*Pot
Is not.*

A brace of his characteristic couplets:

*I sit in an office at 244 Madison
Avenue
And say to myself you have a responsible
job, havenue?*

And, inimitably, from "I Do, I Will, I Have":

*So I hope husbands and wives will
continue to debate and combat
over everything debatable and
combatable.
Because I believe a little incompatibility
is the spice of life, particularly
if he has income and she is
pattable.*

In lines anticipating environmental



NASH IN HIS GARDEN IN '65
Wry delight in human foibles.

concerns, Nash delivered his classic put-down of Joyce Kilmer's gushy "Trees":

*I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Indeed, unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all.*

The quintessential Nash appears in "One Man's Opiate," published late last year in *The New Yorker*. In it, he brings off an excruciating knock-knock joke in French⁴ en route to his conclusion about the uses of laughter in the gloomy present: "In this age penumbra,/Let the timbrel resound in the tumbrel."

* "Frappe, frappe," "Qui va là?" "Alençon," "Alençon qui?" "Alençonjants de la patrie."

"I have no private life and no personality," Nash once joked. In fact, he was a quiet and often private man, even though he spent much of his career on the lecture circuit. He would recite his marvelously serpentine and breathlessly amuck alexandrines like a tenor testing the limit of his lungs, terminating at last in a long-awaited gong of rhyme. His versifications made the bespectacled and gamesomely civilized poet something of a celebrity. His accent ("clam chowder of the East Coast—New England with a little Savannah at odd moments") was sometimes heard on radio's "Information, Please!" and the Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee hours.

Nash summured on the coast of New Hampshire and, when not traveling, settled for winter into his Baltimore town house. Some of his verse reflected a playful tenderness toward his wife:

*Lots of people have lots more grace
and cut fine figures at dances,
while I was born with galoshes on—
But nobody else has Frances.*

For one of his two daughters, he once wrote:

*Roses red and violets blue,
I know a girl who is really two.
Yesterday she was only one;
Today, I think, will be twice the fun.*

Nash came into his metier after a spot-ty early career. Born in Rye, N.Y., into a family with a pre-Revolutionary pedigree, he attended St. George's School in Newport, R.I., and then became "a quarter-bred Harvard alumnus"—he dropped out after freshman year. He returned to teach briefly at St. George's, where, he said, "I lost my entire nervous system carving lamb for a table of 14-year-olds." He tried selling bonds in New York; later there was a job writing streetcar advertising, which led him to the advertising department of the publishers Doubleday, Doran & Co. Then he found what he called "my field—the minor idiocies of humanity."

Neither Got Tired. Once established as a light versifier, he joined the staff of *The New Yorker*, worked in Hollywood and collaborated with S.J. Perelman on the 1943 Broadway hit *One Touch of Venus*. The verse came out by the volume. He once remarked: "I often wonder whether I will get tired of writing them before the public gets tired of reading them, or whether it will happen the other way." He never tired of writing, and his public never tired of reading him.

Nash always enjoyed that consummate reward, the honor and respect of his friendly rivals in the making of light verse. Poet Morris Bishop offered a tribute in Nash's own language:

*Free from flashiness, free from
trashiness,
Is the essence of ogdenashiness.
Rich, original, rash and rational
Stands the monument ogdenational.*

HOW REAL IS NEO-ISOLATIONISM?

ISOLATIONISM, it would seem, is once again on the rise. President Nixon has used the term neo-isolationist to describe certain of his senatorial critics who would alter U.S. foreign policy or who seek a greater role for the Congress in shaping it. Once the name of a popular and viable political doctrine, isolationism today—with or without “neo” attached to it—is a pejorative word. It has no real validity in a world of instant communications, internationally linked economies, and nuclear weapons that can bridge continents at Mach 23 speed. Properly speaking, the term suggests someone who would like to disengage the U.S. from the rest of the world and return to a 19th century insularity. No doubt some Americans are experiencing an emotional recoil from foreign commitments, as a result of Viet Nam and domestic troubles. But apart from a small group of myopic radicals totally obsessed with the need for revolution at home, there are hardly any real isolationists left.

The conflict between the President and an influential minority of the present Senate is real; but the heart of the dispute is not isolationism *v.* internationalism. At issue is a desire to put space and time limitations on the fighting in Indochina, to strike a new balance between the President and Congress in committing military forces to combat abroad, and to avoid further proliferation of U.S. commitments round the globe without congressional sanction. There is also a feeling that the nation's values should be re-examined so that more money will be spent on domestic priorities and less on extravagant weapons systems that may prove to be redundant, provocative or both.

However arguable their proposed alternatives may be, none of the leading Senate critics of the President's foreign policy can be fairly accused of being isolationist. Republican Jacob Javits of New York—the only Senator who has been cited by name in Nixon's attacks—wants to curb the President's war-making powers. But Javits sided with his party's leader last week in voting against Senator Mike Mansfield's amendment to reduce U.S. forces in Europe by half. John Stennis of Mississippi, who shares Javits' views on war powers, is generally the Senate's stoutest defender of Nixon's defense-budget and national-security policies. Mansfield, whose defeated amendment may have seemed isolationist, supports the President's effort to negotiate peace in the Middle East, an enterprise that certainly depends on U.S. power and willingness to use it. Even the most publicized of the Senate doves who want a speedy and definite end to the Viet Nam War—such men as John Sherman Cooper, William Fulbright and George McGovern—are not isolationist in any real sense of the word.

In fact, many of the proposals that White House officials have so casually referred to as neo-isolationist no more deserve that description than does the Nixon Doctrine. First enunciated by the President at Guam in July 1969, it was a major effort to re-think U.S. world policy and lower the American profile abroad. Quite rightly, Historian Manfred Jonas argues that applying the term isolationist to contemporary Senators tends to confuse rather than illuminate their stance. “They earnestly believe that there are limits to America's power,” he writes in *Isolationism in America*, “and that to overstep these limits means courting failure and nuclear war. To call the course

they propose isolationism is to misread both the history of the '30s and the record of American foreign policy prior to that time.”

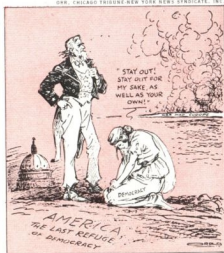
From the perspective of the '70s, it is all too easy to dismiss America's past isolationism as inevitably misguided and foolish. As Selig Adler points out in *The Isolationist Impulse*, the doctrine in many ways is “woven into the warp and woof of the American epic.” From the very beginnings of the U.S., immigrants envisioned it as a way to a new existence. “They reasoned,” Adler wrote of the colonists, “that God Himself had intended to divide the globe into separate spheres. America was the ‘New Zion,’ and Providence had severed this ‘American Israel’ from a timeworn, corrupt and warring continent.”

Until the outbreak of World War I, the U.S. consistently followed a policy of isolationism—at least in the all-important sense of acting alone—even as its actual isolation from the rest of the world gradually disappeared. To be sure, the U.S. invaded Canada in 1812, and gradually eliminated the British, French, Spanish and Mexican presence from within its continental borders. It also fought Spain in Cuba and the Philippines. But in all these enterprises, the U.S. took a unilateral stance and confined most of its treaty obligations to such limited matters as fishing and sealing rights, immigration and trade.

These sporadic ventures into international affairs point to a basic ambiguity in American history. On the one hand, there was a desire to keep clear of other continents' interminable squabbles; on the other, an almost mystical sense that America had a mission to spread freedom and democracy everywhere. This evangelistic belief was strongly reinforced by the waves of immigrants, who periodically tried to involve the U.S. in the revolutionary movements of their homelands. By and large, political leaders of all parties did their best to cool this interventionist ardor. As early as 1821, Secretary of State John Quincy Adams was forced to counter a popular enthusiasm for Greece's struggle against Turkish overlordship. While the U.S. would always view sympathetically the struggles of foreign peoples against tyranny, he said, “she goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy.”

By the closing decades of the 19th century, time began to run out on the traditional faith. U.S. foreign trade doubled between 1870 and 1890. Navy Captain Alfred Thayer

Mahan, a visionary military strategist, saw the seas as an “open plain” and urged the country “to cast aside the policy of isolation which befitted her infancy.” The isolationist past was decisively rejected by Woodrow Wilson's intervention on the Allied side in World War I, but it was revived by the disillusionment that followed his crusade to make the world safe for democracy. The anti-internationalist movement reached a peak of influence in the years just before World War II. Its primary goal was to prevent the U.S. from becoming entangled in the looming war in Europe. Hapless remnants of isolationism persisted for a decade after the war ended, as a score of Senators (most of them Midwestern Republicans) sought unavailingly to defeat such undertakings as the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan and NATO. But for all practical purposes, the doctrine died with the Japanese at-



Cartoon from Chicago "Tribune" in late '30s.

tack on Pearl Harbor. Senator Arthur Vandenberg wrote in his diary: "That day ended isolationism for any realist." The postwar efforts to keep the flame alive were merely, as Arthur Schlesinger Jr. put it, "the last convulsive outbreak of an old nostalgia."

No serious political figure now suggests that the U.S. could or should put aside the burden of global responsibilities it has assumed through necessity and moral conviction. But just how large that burden should be and how it should be borne obviously needs reappraisal. This quest for reappraisal was inspired by Viet Nam. But other factors would have brought it about even without the Indochina conflict.

During World War II, the U.S. acquired a mental habit of considering itself nearly omnipotent and the defender of freedom all over the globe. This self-image carried over into the cold war, when U.S. power was needed to halt Communist expansionism.

That stance is no longer possible because reality has changed; the U.S. no longer has a nuclear monopoly, its economic resources have limits, and other nations do not necessarily agree with the U.S. definition of freedom or the good life. Moreover, Communism has become fissiparous and more amenable to negotiated *détente*.

In this new situation, which has actually existed for at least a decade but which the U.S. is not yet really accustomed to, foreign policy will have to depend less on military force and direct Marshall Plan-style economic heft and more on diplomacy, trade and political maneuvering. French Journalist-Politician Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, among others, has argued that the U.S. will have to choose between continued international power and the building of "an ambitious civilization" at home. For the foreseeable future, the U.S. will obviously insist on both, but Servan-Schreiber is right in asserting that the U.S. will have to rely more on sheer intelligence than sheer force. Secretary of State William Rogers puts it another way; he says that "there are lots of ways to influence people. The force of reasoning and the force of public opinion have a lot to do with influencing nations."

Though Japan and China are bound to play a growing role, for a long time to come the position of the U.S. and the Soviet Union as the world's two nuclear superpowers will remain intact. Widely held ideas that emergent or neutralist nations can "soften" or replace the two-power role have proved illusory, as even India learned when Peking's 1962 strikes across the northern mountains brought Indian pleas for military aid from any quarter. East-West ideological battles are bound to continue, though perhaps in abated form, and so will jockeying for political and military advantage. But the two superpowers will carry on laborious negotiations: the Berlin meetings, the SALT talks and the anticipated discussions of mutual force reductions in Europe are examples. This delicate diplomatic work is not helped by Senate efforts to mandate U.S. troop reductions in Europe—or by a hard-nosed presidential response that finds "unacceptable" even a congressional request that negotiations be speeded up.

Most Americans, including most Congressmen, want to prevent American entanglement in future Indochinas. To accomplish that, it is not necessary—or wise—to impose overly stringent and sweeping limitations on U.S. influence abroad. But the nature of that influence must evolve in new ways. Viet Nam should teach us—as it did the French—that modern armies and industrial strength are not effective in all regions of the world or the automatic answer



"Now here's my plan for getting out of the world with honor..."

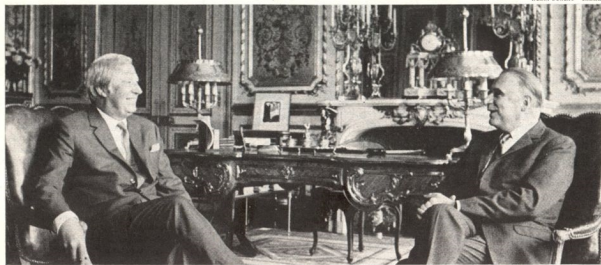
to wars of "national liberation" (even those backed by other nations). Both Congress and the President should jointly re-examine the security treaties and agreements that now bind the U.S. to more than 40 countries. Many of these "commitments" are more apparent than real, since they cannot be carried out without the approval of Congress. The purpose of these agreements, as the late Senator Walter George once noted, was to deter potential aggressors "from reckless conduct by a clear-cut declaration of our intentions." Often it has been shown that intentions cannot be made all that clear—resulting in misunderstanding by friend and foe alike. Rather than bog the nation down in the cement of firm treaties, President and Congress might explore less formal but more flexible commitments in the form of diplomatic notes or presidential statements.

As for the nation's military presence, there is no question that the U.S. today has too many troops scattered about in too many places. Even apart from the dollar drain, it is hard to justify the 375 major foreign military bases and 3,000 minor military facilities that the U.S. has positioned all over the globe in recent years. The White House has talked about "reducing our presence," while maintaining our commitments abroad—and Congress should be clued in more to discussions of how this can be done. One specific proposal: Congress could establish a small, select "National Security Committee," composed of members with expertise in military and foreign affairs, that would periodically discuss diplomatic problems with the President on a secret but utterly frank basis. Both Congress and the President can move away from an inflationary, supercilious military procurement policy that seems, at times, aimed more at breaking the Soviets by outspending them than by providing the U.S. with what it really needs for deterrence and defense. Unless this is done, says former Under Secretary of State George Ball, the U.S. economy is in danger of becoming "a Strasbourg goose with an overdeveloped liver."

These problems, as well as such lesser matters as reorganizing foreign aid and restoring the stature and influence of the State Department, require creativity on the part of Congress and the President. The prickly members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee are not alone in thinking that the balance in U.S. diplomatic decision making has tilted too far in the direction of the Chief Executive. Fortunately, there is a fairly recent example of the kind of cooperation needed: the historic postwar collaboration between President and Congress that established the policy of containment against Soviet aggression, the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan. Then, as now, the White House and the Congress were controlled by opposing parties. Nonetheless, an exceptionally fruitful relationship developed between Democratic President Harry Truman and a Republican-controlled Congress in which Arthur Vandenberg was the foreign relations leader. Why should any less be expected from a Republican White House and a Democratic Congress?

Isolationism carried into the 20th century is essentially a flight from reality. To label the critics and reappraisers of U.S. foreign policy neo-isolationists is equally escapist. Few things threaten U.S. power more seriously than excessive or misguided intervention; the Viet Nam War has done more than any other factor in recent years to reduce U.S. global influence. Seeking to rationalize U.S. commitments abroad is the very opposite of isolationism, because only such rationalization can restore and maintain the U.S. position in the world.

■ John L. Steele



HEATH & POMPIDOU IN THE ELYSÉE PALACE

Europe: The British Are Coming?*

It was the same elegant ballroom in which Charles de Gaulle had twice scuttled British applications for entry into the Common Market. Appropriately, many of the journalists who had witnessed those historic pronouncements were among the 300 newsmen who gathered at the Elysée Palace one evening last week. Seated on gilt chairs with barricades of cameramen and TV crews behind them, they waited for the appearance of Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath and France's President Georges Pompidou.

The conference was scheduled for 6 p.m., but the hour came and went and nothing happened. Some reporters wandered about the palace while others went out into the beautiful Elysée garden, which was covered with rich green umbrellas of chestnut trees in the final dazzle of bloom. A light, misty rain coated the grass and clung to the dark blue jackets of the Garde Républicaine. At 6:30, loudspeakers crackled that the two men would appear at 7. British journalists began to fret about some unexpected "difficulty." A French correspondent grumbled: "The general was always on time, even when he said no."

Opening the Way

Then, behind a procession of aides and bodyguards, came Heath and Pompidou, walking in step into the gilt and crystal glitter of the ballroom. Pompidou signaled Heath to precede him into the room. The two men seated themselves in Louis XIV armchairs on a raised dais, with Heath at the President's right.

"We are both aware that the questions we are debating come at an important moment in the history of our

nations and in the history of Europe," said Pompidou, speaking without text or notes. "Many believed that Great Britain is not European and that it wanted to get into the Common Market only to destroy it," he explained in a disarmingly candid reference to the justification that De Gaulle had twice used for vetoing Britain's earlier application to join the European Economic Community. "Many others also believed that France was prepared to use all means of veto to prevent Great Britain from getting into the Common Market. Well, ladies and gentlemen," said Pompidou, now glancing at Heath, "tonight you see before you two men who are convinced that this is not the case." Then, in a convoluted manner, Pompidou added: "It would be unreasonable to think that an agreement cannot be reached between Britain and the Common Market in the talks beginning in June."

Ted Heath, who made his maiden speech in Parliament 21 years ago on the subject of European unity, responded: "I have long believed that Europe must grow steadily together in unity, and that Britain should be a part of that wider unity. I believe that only in this way can we secure the future peace of our Continent and end forever the quarrels which have brought such suffering upon our countries in the past."

There was no misinterpreting the words. Britain, having spurned Europe 14 years ago when the Treaty of Rome was concluded, and having twice been spurned in turn, has now been invited to join the Common Market. WE'RE ON OUR WAY! headlined London's *Daily Mirror* after the two-day talks had ended. At the star-shaped Bâtiment Ber-

laymont in Brussels, one jubilant member of the nine-man EEC Commission cried: "There is absolutely no doubt about it—Britain is coming in!"

The Heath-Pompidou understanding opened the way not only for British admission but also for entry by Ireland, Denmark and Norway. By 1973, the Six are likely to become the Ten, with a combined population of 253 million and a \$660 billion gross national product, second only to America's. Later, that number may well be enhanced by the association of other West European nations, such as Portugal, Sweden and Spain. There is still a possibility, however, that the British Parliament will rebuke Heath and reject membership. Moreover, there is no denying that with or without Britain, Europe is decades away from achieving the political and economic cohesion that would make it a truly united or a confederated power. Even so, if Europe does eventually find unity, the Paris meeting will loom as one of the major landmarks.

Hospitable Climate

The groundwork for the Heath-Pompidou sessions had been laid the week before in Brussels. During an all-night meeting, the Foreign Ministers of the Six and British Chief Negotiator Geoffrey Rippon reached working arrangements on three major points concerning British entry. They were preferential

* The interabang, shown here, is the first new punctuation mark to be devised for print since the adoption of quotation marks in the late 17th century. Introduced in 1967 by the American Type Founders Co., the interabang is intended to express a simultaneous quality of exclamation and of questioning.

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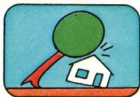
You're in good hands with Allstate



Available in most states. Standard rates in Texas.



Fire



Falling objects



Lightning



Personal liability



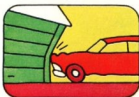
Hail



Explosion



Smoke damage



Damage from vehicles



Damage from aircraft



Living expenses



Vandalism



Robbery



Fire on contents



Court costs



If Volkswagen can bring you a car this good for only \$1,850,[†]



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Two things
tell you much about
a man...

One is
his scotch.

Forgive the Scots if they talk a bit
too reverently of their scotch. But it is their
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treatment for Commonwealth sugar-producing countries, British adjustments to the EEC's higher-priced agricultural produce, and a formula for British contributions to the EEC's central budget. A number of other developments, however, helped ensure a hospitable climate for last week's summit meeting. One was West Germany's recent unilateral decision to allow the Deutsche Mark to float; the action, designed to combat West German inflation, upset other members of the Six and helped persuade Pompidou that some counterweight to German power was needed. Another favorable development was the U.S. Senate's defeat of the Mansfield resolution, which alarmed Europeans by calling for a 50% cut in American troop strength on the Continent by year's end. The Senate's action buttressed European hopes that NATO will be in a strong bargaining position in any future talks with the Warsaw Pact on balanced, mutual troop reductions in Central Europe. But whatever the outcome of such negotiations, most Europeans realize that they will remain dependent upon the U.S. for nuclear protection.

Before leaving for Paris, Heath told a conference of conservative women in London's Westminster Hall: "We face a momentous test of will." The result of that test, he went on, would answer the question: "Do we have the wisdom to achieve by construction and cooperation what Napoleon and Hitler failed to achieve by destruction and conquest?"

So eager did the P.M. seem to learn the answers that when he climbed down from his HS-125 executive jet at Orly

Airport, he shot right past the honor guard and band. Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas had to steer him back to the reviewing stand to hear the *Marseillaise* and *God Save the Queen*.

Good Morning

The visit went well from the start. The mood was so upbeat that on the first day of the meeting, French national radio began its broadcasts with a salute that must have rattled coffee cups from Calais to Cannes: "Good morning," instead of the customary "Bonjour." The newspaper *France-Soir* ran a headline that was almost English: POMPIDOU-HEATH SMILING DAY. Heath, similarly, spoke in a language that was almost French when he arrived at Orly. London's *Evening Standard* slipped in a small tribute with the headline TED ET GEORGES: SUNSHINE FINALE. Meanwhile, at a blacktie dinner at the Elysée the first night, Pompidou toasted the Queen with a superb Dom Pérignon '64 champagne and noted: "Our views are sufficiently close that we may continue without pessimism."

All told, Heath and Pompidou spent twelve hours in face-to-face talks attended only by translators (the two leaders were also together for two lunches and one dinner). They ranged over the entire spectrum of Common Market issues. Meeting mostly in the gold-and-tapestried Salon Doré, occasionally strolling in the Elysée's tree shaded back garden, they dealt with two unresolved questions: preferential treatment for New Zealand, to which Britain has highly emotional ties; and the role of sterling. On both issues, Heath was heartened by Pompidou's reasonableness. The two men concurred that some accommodation was manageable on granting access to New Zealand butter and cheese; they instructed their negotiators in Brussels to work out details. Regarding sterling, Pompidou agreed to consider Heath's request that the inevitably complex talks on the role of the British pound be kept outside the general EEC discussions so that the entry negotiations would not be slowed down.

In return, Pompidou won certain assurances from Heath. One was that Britain would place the Market's economic interests ahead of London's commitments elsewhere. Heath also advised Pompidou that Britain would ultimately put the EEC political considerations ahead of its loose ties to the Commonwealth and its even looser ties to the U.S. That helped convince Pompidou that the British have become sufficiently European-minded.

Pompidou needed considerable convincing. Like De Gaulle, he feared that Britain, once in the Market, would merely be a stalking horse for huge American corporations. After De Gaulle's funeral last November, Heath asked during a brief meeting with Pompidou: "Do you see a major difficulty to Britain's entry into the European Economic

Community?" "I see only one," Pompidou replied. With that, he opened a copy of *Le Figaro* to a full-page ad for British Overseas Airways Corporation that proclaimed: *L'AMÉRIQUE COMMENCE À LONDRES*—America begins in London.

Shortly before last week's visit, Pompidou expressed other doubts. In an interview with the Brussels daily *Le Soir*, he said: "The countries of Western Europe are not movie stars who change fiancés every six months. If we get married, it is forever. So we must be serious about it." In the same interview, Pompidou voiced the fear that French would be supplanted by English as the EEC's major working language. That would be disastrous, he indicated, because English is not simply the language of Britain but "above all, the language of America." He added: "Europe will only be Europe if she distinguishes herself—I don't say cuts off, I say distinguishes herself—from America." In many ways, Heath agrees. Unlike many of his predecessors, he feels no particular bond with the U.S. "Heath is not anti-American, he's un-American," British Author Anthony Sampson (*The New Europeans*) said recently. "He has no pull toward America, either through family, the war or friendships. He feels no reciprocity from America."

British anti-Marketters seized on Pompidou's display of linguistic patriotism as a good example of why London ought to stay out. The latest Louis Harris poll shows that 62% of the British public do not want to join the Six v. only 20% who do and 18% undecided. Interestingly, 82% of those queried



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Remember Rolls-Royce.



BRITISH ANTI-MARKET DEMONSTRATOR
Foreigners are fiends.

thought that Britain would join the Common Market anyway.

Only a few years ago, the British public was overwhelmingly in favor of joining Europe. To a degree, the switch has been caused by the two French vetoes, which still wound British pride. There is still a residual insular attitude, as expressed by the character Uncle Matthew in Nancy Mitford's novel *The Pursuit of Love*: "Abroad is unutterably bloody and foreigners are fiends." Few Britons seriously believe that they will lose their national identity if they join the Market, any more than French or Germans have lost theirs. Still, they do not want to feel lumped together as one part of a frequently squabbling whole. Most important, at least in the short run, the British fear that higher-priced Common Market foods will cause drastic increases in their cost of living.

Historical Imprint

Opponents range from right-wing Tories and M.P.s with farming and fishing constituencies to left-wingers who see the Market as just that—a soulless bazaar dedicated only to profits and consumption. The most vocal opponent of all is Enoch Powell, the leading Tory right-winger, who has been traveling throughout the Six to explain why a majority of Britons feel "a repugnance" toward joining the EEC. Says Powell: "The principal events which have placed their stamp upon our consciousness of who we are were the very ones in which we have been alone, confronting a Europe that was lost or hostile. That is the folk memory by which our nation has been formed."

Some Britons are less worried that this vague Jungian consciousness of the past will be submerged than that some shaky industries of the present will go under. "If we go in now," says Roger Littlewood, 34, an industrial salesman from

Birmingham, "European competitors will bring us to our knees before we have a chance to fight on an equal footing. We won't survive."

British pro-Marketters make the opposite argument—that without the stimulus or even jolt of Market membership, Britain will continue sliding downhill. As the *London Times* put it recently: "It used to be said that Rolls-Royce was Britain; if we stay out of Europe, Britain will be Rolls-Royce." Continental proponents of an expanded EEC make much the same argument. They reason that Britain's entry will enliven the Common Market and ultimately accelerate progress toward European unity. By contrast, British failure to gain admission would cause a period of disillusion and recrimination within the Common Market, especially if the French once more vetoed London's application. In that event, most scenarios agree, the other five members would turn against France, leaving her angry and isolated. The development of the Common Market, especially along the lines of political unity, would be stunted. Without a countervailing force in the EEC, West Germany would dominate the Community. But a diminished Market would lack the larger European framework that Bonn needs to anchor its policies toward its Communist neighbors, Italy, with the West's largest Communist Party, would feel vulnerable.

As opposed to that apocalyptic vision, quite a cheerful one can be summoned up by believers in European unity—assuming that the Six do indeed become the Ten, and eventually add others. The Europeanists note that the nations of Western Europe contain 320 million people with a spending power of \$385 billion, exports of \$96 billion and imports of \$102 billion.

They also concede that strong centripetal forces are still at work. Within an area one-third the size of the U.S., eleven major languages and countless dialects are spoken, 15 separate currencies are used, and starkly different governments, from parliamentary democracies to outright dictatorships, are in power. There are national loyalties, regional loyalties and local loyalties, often at odds with one another.

Still, there is a growing confluence of interests, particularly within Europe's industrialized heartland. After World War II, many countries in the area underwent the shattering upheaval of a switch-over from rural to urban-dominated societies. At the same time, they experienced a baby boom that has given West Germany an under-18 population



"Another sensational St.-Tropez wedding next week?"

of 28%, England 29%, France 30%. Today problems of urban blight, restless youth, insufficient housing and environmental pollution hit Europe's urban centers with comparable force, particularly the four major "conurbations"—London with its 11.5 million inhabitants, Paris with 8,000,000, the Rhine-Ruhr complex with 10.5 million, and the Dutch megalopolis, stretching from Utrecht to Rotterdam, with 4,000,000. Britain and the Six have almost identical per capita incomes (from a low of \$1,860 for Holland to a high of \$2,060 for France), so that their buying power is roughly the same. Another unifying force is the vacation time explosion of intermingling that sends tens of millions of West Europeans tooting down *Autobahnen*, *autostrades* and *autoroutes* every year on their way to holiday resorts, often outside their own countries.

Composite Euroman

The growing similarities between Europeans have enabled investigators for the first time to draw a sketch of the composite Euroman. In a study commissioned by the *Reader's Digest*, 24,000 adult Europeans in 16 countries were surveyed in 1969 by leading research firms on the Continent. The results showed that Euroman is roughly 34, married and has 1.5 children. He is employed by a factory or company that has 50 or more employees. In addition to sizable social benefits, he earns about \$50 a week in take-home pay. He quit school at 16, but he speaks one other language, most likely English, well enough to read a newspaper or understand a movie. He watches his television set an average of 13 hours a week. He uses his neighbor's telephone, but expects to get his own within a year or so. He has a car—a modest economy Renault, Fiat or Volkswagen. He has a vacuum cleaner, washing machine, food blender and refrigerator, but no deep-freeze, air conditioner or dishwasher. He has a savings account, but hoards a bit of gold at home as a hedge against a sudden collapse of paper currency.

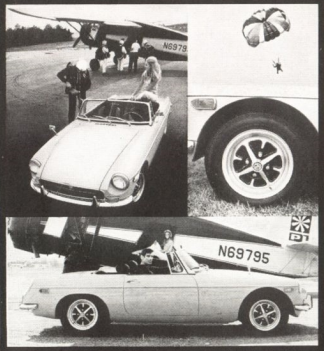
Euroman's attitudes are more difficult to pin down, naturally, than his

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possessions. One point of view that appears to be shared by vast numbers of Italians and Frenchmen, Germans and Scandinavians, however, is that their destiny is inextricably linked to that of the rest of Europe.

Will the British, too, come to share that view? The issue is almost certain to develop into one of the hardest-fought battles in modern British politics. For both major parties, it poses severe quandaries. If public opinion continues to run against Market entry, Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson may well commit his party to a position against Common Market membership. That, in turn, would cause a break between him and Deputy Party Leader Roy Jenkins, a dedicated "European," and a damaging split within Labor.

The problems will be even more severe for Ted Heath, particularly if Tory M.P.s become convinced that their constituents are dead set against joining Europe. If the terms of Britain's EEC entry are set by the end of June, as now seems almost certain, Heath will face difficult options. He could try to railroad the EEC entry through Parliament before the summer recess, which normally comes in July. He could also wait until October, after the party conferences. But there are disadvantages in delay. By the fall, Labor may well have turned openly against entry, and opposition in the Tory rank-and-file may have burst through the surface.

No More Open Sea

Anti-Market Tory M.P.s are already warning Heath that mishandling Market membership could have disastrous consequences for the Conservatives. In Commons last week, Tory M.P. John Jennings said that if Chief Negotiator Rippon did not win satisfactory entry terms from the Six, "he will split the Tory party from top to bottom and bring about the downfall of the Tory government." If Heath believes that he may be defeated, his ultimate escape hatch would be simply not to submit the membership issue to Commons, perhaps ducking behind the excuse that the EEC's terms were not generous enough. But last week's Paris summit strengthened the Prime Minister's position at home and made it less likely that he would have to back down.

"Every time we must choose between Europe and the open sea," Churchill told the French shortly before D-Day, "we will choose the open sea." De Gaulle frequently cited that remark as evidence of Britain's incompatibility with Europe. He never mentioned another Churchill dictum, dated 1946: "We must build a kind of United States of Europe." Heath's task—and it is likely to be the most important of his career—is to persuade the British that their destiny lies not toward the open sea but across the Channel, the ditch that long rendered them impregnable to continental conquerors but also cut them off from a more active role in Europe.

Egypt: Sadat in the Saddle

EGYPT'S President Anwar Sadat paid a call last month on the family of the late Gamal Abdel Nasser, his political predecessor and mentor. Sadat had an urgent request: Could he have the \$36,000 bulletproof Mercedes limousine that had been parked in the family garage ever since Nasser's death last September? No, replied the family; the car had belonged to the man, not the office. In the midst of a heated argument that followed, Nasser's impulsive son Khalid, 23, dashed to the garage, doused the Mercedes with gasoline, and set it afire. It was a total loss.

These days Sadat could use a bulletproof limousine. Last week, moving forcefully to consolidate his power, he continued the arrests, demotions and

offices last week, to be replaced by Sadat's. Already Cairo newspapers are describing Sadat's purge of his political foes as "the May 15 revolution," correcting the July 23 revolution—the date of Nasser's 1952 takeover.

Despite Sadat's concern about assassins, his Egypt so far is a more relaxed place than Nasser's ever was. Sadat has cast himself as the people's champion, promising more personal freedom, attention to domestic ills, and an easing of police-state repression. As an earnest of that intent, the government eased press censorship and announced it was disconnecting the taps on no fewer than 11,000 telephones.

Still, strong doubts are beginning to disturb the cognoscenti, who worry that



CAIRENES DEMONSTRATING FOR SADAT
End of an interregnum.

sackings that have now affected some 500 army officers and 300 bureaucrats. Police were rounding up for investigation 1,000 or so members of a "secret organization" loyal to ex-Interior Minister Shaarawi Gomaa. Thirteen of Egypt's 25 provincial governors are reported on the way out, and a shake-up in the diplomatic service is rumored. In recognition of the numerous new enemies the President has made, however, the cops now keep the street in front of his home blockaded. To escort his limousine around town, Sadat has a score of motorcycle outriders and five carloads of armed guards.

People's Champion. "The past eight months have been an interregnum," reflected a top Western diplomat in Cairo. "That is over now, and Sadat is the real successor" to Nasser. The evidence is everywhere. For the first time since Nasser's death last September, his picture disappeared from some government

Sadat will become a Nasser-like strongman. It is an unexpected role. Before Sadat assumed the top office, his chief accomplishment was surviving for 18 years in Nasser's coterie, though he was banished to his native Delta village for five weeks only last summer for using government powers to take over a luxurious villa that his wife coveted. Cairo skeptics suggest that his accession to power merely portends a different sort of police state. "Up till now, the left-ist-controlled intelligence tapped the telephones of the conservatives. Now the leftists will be tapped," said a leading Cairo journalist.

Sadat's chief enemies—who happened to be Egypt's most prominent men—were all under house arrest or in jail last week. They included former Vice President Ali Sabry, whose dismissal by Sadat three weeks ago began the whole battle for control, as well as Gomaa and former War Minister

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Hertz



YOU DON'T JUST RENT A CAR. YOU RENT A COMPANY

General Mohammed Fawzi and ex-Minister for Presidential Affairs Sami Sharaf. Gomaa's intelligence chief, Major General Hassan Talaat—who is rumored to have taken notorious delight in watching suspects being tortured—was hospitalized after Sadat's Republican Guards gave him a measure of the same treatment. Most of the other government officials who were arrested are being held in a large underground basement of the Public Prosecutor's building, where they must sleep in blankets on the floor.

Only the narrowest of margins saved Sadat from being in jail instead of his enemies—or dead. *TIME* Correspondent Dan Coggin, piecing together details of the power struggle, reported from Cairo that Sadat survived only because of the loyalty of a few individuals. One was Alexandria's Governor Mandouh Salem, who flew to Cairo two weeks ago and informed Sadat that Gomaa's secret organization planned to assassinate him during a scheduled visit to the University of Alexandria. Sadat abruptly postponed the trip. Salem, who was later rewarded with the post of Interior Minister, led a platoon of Republican Guards—a force assigned to protect the President—to Gomaa's office. They took into custody the chief of intelligence, Talaat—who tried to burn a number of incriminating tapes—and placed Gomaa under house arrest.

Unlikely Survivor. The same afternoon, General Fawzi tried to enlist the tough commander of Egypt's Saiga (Thunderbolt) Special Forces troops, Major General Mohammed Hussein Shazli, in a coup attempt. It was to have begun shortly after the joint resignations of Fawzi, Sharaf and three other ministers were to be announced on the radio news. Though Shazli was supposed to take over Cairo and arrest Sadat, in fact he did nothing. (Later, he too was rewarded, with an appointment as army chief of staff.) When the resignations were announced on the air, anti-Sadat demonstrators were expected to pour into the streets, but only a score or so appeared. Desperate, General Fawzi telephoned a unit commander at a nearby base, who—like Shazli—said he would join in the coup, but informed Sadat instead. Within an hour, Fawzi, Sharaf and the others who resigned were under house arrest, along with Sabry. One survivor of the whole affair was Nasser's son-in-law, Ashraf Marwan, who used to work for Sharaf. Marwan found Sharaf's secretary taking secret papers from the office, trailed him, flattened him in a fistfight, grabbed the papers, and took them to Sadat. Marwan is now the Presidential Secretary for Information.

Did Moscow—with a \$3 billion investment in arms and 19,000 technicians, troops and advisers on Egyptian soil—know about the plot? Sabry, Sharaf and Gomaa were the Russians' best friends in Cairo. Moreover, Soviet Ambassador Vladimir M. Vinogradov vis-

ited Sharaf for an hour the day before the attempted takeover. But there is no firm evidence of Soviet involvement.

Tough Terms. In essence, the power struggle was a personal one between Sadat and his enemies—who just happened to be Moscow's men. They also happened to be hawks opposed to any settlement with Israel. Sadat, now alone at the top, depends mainly on the backing of the army—and that dictates an all-out campaign for Israeli withdrawal from the east bank of the Suez Canal. Accordingly, Sadat last week announced tough terms for agreement on the canal. In a speech to the National Assembly, he declared that Egypt would insist upon sending troops across the canal ("I can hardly hold them back"), and would not agree to an indefinite cease-fire so long as "one foreign soldier remains on our land." Sadat added: "We are ready to open the canal, but



SADAT ADDRESSING COUNTRYMEN
Squeeze that orange, wring it dry.

not as a partial settlement, or as a settlement that we will accept at any price. In that case, we would prefer to fill it up again with sand." To achieve an agreement, the President suggested, Washington would have to "squeeze and wring Israel like an orange."

Israeli and U.S. diplomats were well aware that, with the army looking over his shoulder, Sadat was bound to lay down a tough line in public. But in a private message to the U.S. setting out Egypt's terms on the canal, Sadat was equally intransigent. That represented an apparent setback for Secretary of State William Rogers' search for an interim agreement on opening Suez. But the feeling in Washington is that Sadat was trying to determine how far the U.S. will push Israel, which has been pretty rigid itself. U.S. officials hope that once he learns what the limits are, Sadat will likely scale down his demands.

TURKEY

A Tempting Target

Israeli Consul General Ephraim Elrom, 58, a man of habit, was late for lunch. Disturbed, his wife Else phoned his Istanbul office. "Something's wrong," she said. "Ephraim is always so punctual."

Something was indeed wrong. Three hours earlier, four armed toughs from Turkey's extreme leftist People's Liberation Army, a guerrilla movement trained in Syria with Soviet backing, had entered the Elroms' apartment building. In a ground floor flat directly under the consul general's, they methodically overpowered and trussed up twelve people while waiting for Elrom's predictable 1 p.m. arrival. When the diplomat arrived and resisted, they slugged him on the head with a pistol butt and carried him off, wrapped in a gray blanket in the back seat of a car. Six hours later the kidnappers announced that Elrom would be executed by 5 p.m. last Thursday unless "all revolutionary guerrillas are set free." At the time, fewer than half a dozen were in custody.

Insolent Demands. The kidnapping incensed—and embarrassed—the two-month-old, military-backed government of Premier Nihat Erim. Eleven provinces have been under strict martial law since the end of April, yet the Liberation Army, which abducted and then released five U.S. servicemen earlier this year, was still able to nab Elrom.

Rejecting the guerrillas' demands as "insolent," the government ordered massive arrests of leftists; close to 1,000 were detained. The government also introduced a law in the Turkish Parliament making kidnapping punishable by death—even for those who simply withhold information concerning the crime. Istanbul's 6,000-man police force, meanwhile, combed the city, concentrating on the European side of the Bosphorus. A note from Elrom had been mailed to his wife from Aksaray, a district in Istanbul's old quarter. "I am O.K.," he wrote. "Do not worry."

Elrom is the first Israeli diplomat to become a victim of urban guerrilla warfare anywhere, and the Israeli Cabinet promptly backed Turkey's tough stand against his abductors. A 23-year veteran of Israel's police force, Elrom was born Ephraim Hofstaedter in Poland, but after becoming a diplomat in 1969, he adopted a Hebrew surname—as is required of its envoys by the Israeli foreign service. Former head of Israel's criminal investigation department, Elrom was a key figure in gathering the evidence on which Adolf Eichmann was convicted, and acted as one of Eichmann's principal pretrial interrogators. As a Western diplomat noted: "He made a tempting target to Turkish anarchists seeking to ally themselves with the revolutionaries of the world." The deadline for his execution came and went, and at week's end his body was reportedly found in an empty Istanbul apartment.

Israel's Stake in Black Africa

WHEN a cholera epidemic broke out recently in Kenya, the Ministry of Health decided that the entire country would have to be immunized. But where could so much vaccine be obtained in a short time? Unhesitatingly, the Kenyans turned to Israeli Ambassador Reuven Dafni for help. Dafni cabled Jerusalem, and within two days 1,000,000 doses of vaccine had reached Nairobi. Eventually, 300,000 more doses were sent. By last week the epidemic, after claiming 47 lives, was over.

Mass vaccination of Kenyans was one of the more spectacular examples of Israel's foreign aid operation in Black Africa. The program has been functioning for a decade and, despite its relatively small scale, is one of the world's most effective. Though Israel's war machine eats up 40% of the \$3.8 billion national budget, the nation's Foreign Ministry has earmarked \$10 million for foreign aid this year, and half of that will go to Africa. The program has been highly cost-effective in winning diplomatic friends, as indicated by Foreign Minister Abba Eban's scheduled trip this week to seven Black African countries (Ghana, Ivory Coast, Liberia, Sierra Leone, the Congo, Cameroun and Kenya).

Nation Builders. Under the aegis of the ministry's Department of International Cooperation, 250 government technicians will be working in 30 African nations during 1971 to guide 70 different aid projects. About 500 Africans, 15% of them women, will go to Israel at the same time for specialized instruction in everything from microbiology and urban planning to kindergarten teaching and union leadership. In the past decade, 6,200 Africans have received such training. "We Israelis are experienced nation builders," says Shaul Ben-Haim, Ambassador to Malawi. "That experience is about all we

have to give, but it is gladly given and accepted with appreciation."

Not rich enough to provide development loans as does the U.S.—whose African aid program is 30 times as large as Israel's but not necessarily more effective—Israel asks aid recipients to share the cost: African trainees who fly to Tel Aviv usually pay their own fare and at least part of their living expenses.

The emphasis is on technical assistance in agronomy, water and soil development, highway planning, port development, fish breeding, sewage disposal, nutrition and handicrafts. Israeli experts have established citrus plantations in Madagascar and Uganda, a steamship line and a 16,000-acre cattle ranch in Ghana, a beekeeping industry in Senegal and massive poultry farms in Zambia and the Congo. In Togo, Dahomey, Upper Volta and Ghana, the Israelis have shown fascinated governments how to operate national lotteries.

One mark of the projects' success is that they have survived the worst of Africa's political upheavals. In Ghana, for instance, Israelis began working during the regime of Kwame Nkrumah, continued under the military government that toppled the dictator, and are now cooperating with the civilian government that succeeded the soldiers.

In Zambia, President Kenneth Kaunda regularly sends foreign visitors into the northern forest to visit Kafulafuta and Kafubu, twin settlements where 500 Zambian families are living on chicken farms patterned after the Israeli rural cooperatives known as *moshavim*. With help from a team of nine Israelis, the two cooperatives have reached a point where they now produce 500,000 eggs monthly.

Israel ties no strings to its aid packages, but it obviously counts on harvesting good will. Says International

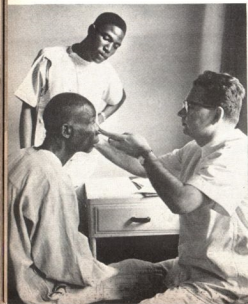
Cooperation Director Shimon Amir in Jerusalem: "We hope that the Africans will see us as we really are and not as Arab propagandists paint us." Apparently the hope is realistic. In the United Nations and the Organization for African Unity, Black African delegates pay only lip service to Arab-sponsored resolutions that call on Israel to return captured territories.

To the irritation of Arab diplomats, even some Moslem Africans are friendly to Israel. Says a foreign ministry official in Senegal, which is 85% Moslem: "Israeli aid is the cheapest and least conditional there could be. Saudi Arabia offered us aid with so many strings that we had to do without it. Generally speaking, the possibilities of the Arab countries are too limited for them to be able to give us any aid."

People of the Book. One spin-off from the programs is a broader African market for Israeli products. Exports to Africa have risen in a decade from \$11 million to \$40 million. There is also added opportunity for private ventures. The Parliament of Madagascar last year voted to allow an Israeli company to explore for oil, the first such opportunity anywhere on the continent for Israel. Israelis are also building a new highway linking Ethiopia and Kenya and have just completed a 15-story office building that is Nairobi's tallest.

In the Ivory Coast, Developer Moshe Mayer is now busy with a \$2 billion complex including hotels, marina, animal park, convention hall and housing area for 60,000 that by 1980 will transform a 10,000-acre jungled seaside strip south of Abidjan into "the African Riviera" (TIME, March 15). Mayer says he has invitations from 20 other African nations, including Kenya and Madagascar, to build similar tourist centers or hotels. Architect and City Planner Thomas Leitersdorf has planned new housing and roads for the Riviera project in such a fashion as to provide a gentle transition to urban life for the 7,000 Ebrie

AFRICAN STUDENT IN HAIFA



ISRAELI AIR FORCE INSTRUCTOR IN UGANDA





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Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.

tribesmen who now live in overcrowded farming villages near by.

Israel's image in Africa is varied, to say the least. To Bible-reading Christian converts, the Israelis are the people of the Book. "So nice to meet you," said a Congolese warmly to one Israeli official visiting Kinshasa. "And how is King David?" In Ethiopia, Uganda and the Congo, where Israel's defense forces conduct military training and operations, Israelis are also the people of the gun. In Ethiopia, they have trained the country's entire security force, including commando units operating against Eritrean rebels hostile to Emperor Haile Selassie. Israeli agents in southwestern Ethiopia direct airdrops to southern Sudan's black rebels in their fight against the Arab-run Khartoum government.

The military aid has also made friends for Israel. President Joseph Mobutu of the Congo received his paratroop training and wings in Israel; Uganda's General Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin recently overthrew President Milton Obote with Israeli-advised armed forces. Occasionally, however, such programs give rise to ironic situations. When Arab leaders visit Addis Ababa to attend meetings of the Organization for African Unity, for instance, they are closely guarded by Ethiopian security men who received their training in Israel.

SOVIET UNION

The Leningrad Nine

A worldwide outcry greeted the harsh sentences meted out last winter to eleven Soviet citizens—nine of them Jews trying to get to Israel—convicted of conspiring to hijack an aircraft and fly it to Sweden. As a result, Moscow commuted the two death sentences handed down at the trial to 15-year terms in labor camps. A special section of the Ministry for Internal Affairs was set up to speed emigration to Israel, and in twelve busy weeks 2,300 Russian Jews were permitted to leave the country—more than in any year since Israel was founded in 1948.

Now Moscow's policy has shifted back from one of limited leniency to one of limited suppression. Emigration to Israel has been steadily cut back. Last week, in the Leningrad municipal court where the earlier trials were held, nine more Jews loosely linked with the group that planned the same abortive hijacking were convicted, most of them on charges stemming from Zionist activities. Two of them—Gilya Butman, 38, an engineer, and Mikhail Korenblit, 33, a physician—were convicted of treason and sentenced to ten years and seven years, respectively, of a "strict regime" in a Soviet labor camp. (In the U.S., the minimum penalty for attempted hijacking is 20 years imprisonment.)

No Chances. The other seven drew sentences ranging from one to five years in prison camp. They were convicted on lesser charges of spreading anti-Soviet propaganda and stealing "state or social-

ist property"—to wit, a duplicating machine, which Soviet citizens are forbidden to have. The authorities took no chances on the trial's outcome. Some defense witnesses were suddenly granted exit visas to Israel and told to depart before the court hearing. At least three others were shipped out of town on "business affairs"—two to Siberia—on pain of losing their jobs if they refused to go.

The trials represent an attempt by Soviet officials to stem a rising Jewish nationalism. Israel has not exactly discouraged the nationalistic upsurge, since it looks to Russia, with its 3.5 million mostly skilled and educated Jews, as one of the last remaining sources of a sorely needed *aliyah*—literally, ascent



GOLDA MEIR WITH ANTI-SOVIET PROTESTERS
Some had business affairs in Siberia.

—or wave of immigrants. The Soviets take the position that none of their citizens may depart, and Jews should be no exception.

Protest Marches. Jewish nationalism in Russia draws its prime stimulus from discrimination at almost every level—including an undeclared quota system in universities and ostracism from key posts within the Communist Party. Activist, pro-Israeli Jews are frequently fired from their jobs and occasionally sent to mental hospitals, as are other dissenters. Often their homes are searched, their relatives interrogated, and their neighbors brought together in "spontaneous condemnation" of the militant's life, character and beliefs.

The Soviets were sufficiently disturbed by such profound allegiance to a foreign power that several hundred Jews who openly avowed their loyalty to Israel were arrested in a police dragnet last June—immediately after the would-be skyjackers were picked up at Leningrad's Smolny airport. If other Soviet citizens had similarly supported another country, very probably the same would have happened. An unknown number were released after months in prison. But five are scheduled to be tried soon in Riga, another nine in Kishinev, and one in Odessa. The trials, however, are apparently not having the effect that the Kremlin intended. After the sentences were announced last week, a dozen or so Jews in Leningrad and several other cities marched around the main streets in protest.

NORTH SEA

The Warring Pirates

Aboard *Radio Northsea*, a ship that broadcasts pop music and news to Western Europe and Britain from just outside the Dutch three-mile territorial limit, Disc Jockey Alan West was playing a tune titled, all too appropriately, *Melting Pot*. Suddenly a tremendous blast shook the vessel. "I thought another ship had hit us in the fog," said West, but when he rushed on deck he saw three men in wetsuits heading toward Scheveningen beach in a motor-powered rubber boat. West sped back to his microphone and shouted: "May Day, May Day, this is *Radio Northsea*. We are on fire. A bomb hit us."

Alarmed listeners in Britain as well as The Netherlands deluged radio and TV stations, newspapers and the police with phone calls. "There is a war on," said one panicky listener. Actually, the war was but a skirmish between *Radio Northsea* and a competing pirate radio ship, *Veronica*.

Bland and Boring. Since 1960 *Veronica*, an old German lightship owned by the Worldwide Trading Co. of Liechtenstein, has beamed advertisements, contemporary pop music and news to Dutchmen bored with the conservative blandness of The Netherlands' three state-subsidized radio stations. *Veronica* became so popular that the Dutch government refused to ratify the 1965 Strasbourg convention for fear of losing votes. That agreement bars pirate stations from the territorial waters of the European nations that have signed it, and makes it illegal to supply programs or ads to such radio ships.

Veronica enjoyed its unchallenged position until 1967, when Dutch radio and TV introduced commercials. In the same year a lively pop music radio channel called Hilversum Three was put into operation by the official broadcasting associations. To add to *Veronica's* troubles, a second pirate ship, *Radio Northsea*, appeared off the Dutch coast in 1970. At first *Radio Northsea* was content to broadcast in English,

Your Dad hasn't

Everything is just about what Dad gets in Polaroid's 450 Kit. Starting with the new 450 itself, the finest Polaroid Land camera we make.

The Kit includes our new Focused Flash. As you focus the camera little louvers open and close automatically. So each shot gets exactly the right amount of light. As close as 3½ feet. As far back as 10 feet.

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It's easier to tell you
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It connects into the focusing system. It's so accurate Dad may never take another flash picture that's too dark or too bright.

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He can frame, focus, and then get into his own picture.

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For head-and-shoulder close-ups that look professional.

The 450 Kit. From Polaroid.
Under \$190.



SABOTAGED SHIP "RADIO NORTHEA" ON FIRE
No longer keeping its big Dutch mouth shut.

German and Spanish. *Veronica's* directors loaned the station \$260,000 to persuade it, as one of them said, "to keep its big Dutch mouth shut." As collateral, *Radio Northsea* handed over the bill of sale for its ship to *Veronica* and allowed itself to be staffed with a Dutch crew picked by *Veronica*.

God Bless. Early this year *Northsea's* Swiss owners decided to open their Dutch mouth. They tried to repay their loan, but *Veronica* refused the money. The Swiss thereupon armed themselves with pistols, sailed to their ship in a tugboat, overpowered *Veronica's* men, took them ashore and replaced them with their own crew. They hired one of *Veronica's* top D.J.s, Joost de Draaijer (Johnnie-Turn-Them-On), and began broadcasting 24 hours a day in Dutch (v. 18 hours for *Veronica*).

Growing desperate, some of *Veronica's* officials decided on sabotage. They hoped to shut down *Northsea's* transmitter, disable the ship and force it into a Dutch harbor where it could be confiscated for its still unpaid debt.

The plan almost worked. Shortly before midnight, less than an hour after the frogmen had planted dynamite in the engine room, Disc Jockey West announced: "Flames are approaching the studio, we are abandoning the ship. Goodbye and God bless . . ." Everyone but the captain, the chief engineer and one sailor clambered overboard into lifeboats. But a Dutch tugboat, a firefighting ship from Rotterdam's Europort, a Dutch navy frigate carrying 250 battle-dressed marines, a navy Neptune reconnaissance plane and a helicopter all converged on the scene and put the fire out before it could damage the transmitter.

Radio Northsea was back on the air by 4 a.m. That same morning, Dutch police

in Scheveningen rounded up the three frogmen, who had been promised more than \$7,000 apiece for the job, and charged them with robbery in international waters. The following day they collared one of the men accused of organizing the plot—Dutch Businessman Norbert Jurgens, 48, a large stockholder and employee of *Veronica's*. At week's end they also arrested and indicted as an accomplice Hendrik ("Bull") Verwey, one of three Dutch brothers who are the principal owners of *Veronica*. "We never wanted it that way," said Verwey. "No violence—oh, no. You know, the thing got out of hand."

FRANCE

No Truffling Matter

The small, dark, knobby and wrinkled delicacy known as the truffle has tantalized palates and minds for thousands of years. The ancient Greek Theophrastus believed truffles were a product of thunder. In the Middle Ages they were considered evil things grown from the spit of witches. Later they came to be prized as an aphrodisiac, and Madame de Pompadour fed them to Louis XV. Napoleon, who was having difficulty fathering children, begat his only legitimate son after eating a truffled turkey. He promoted a lieutenant to colonel for having given him the recipe. In 1825, Brillat-Savarin, the savant of *haute cuisine*, called truffles "the diamonds of gastronomy."

But now, alas, the diamond is threatened with extinction. In southeastern and southwestern France this season, farmers unearthed barely 40 tons of truffles, compared with an annual crop of 1,500 to 2,000 tons in the mid-19th century. This was no truffling matter. Accordingly, 450

farmers and scientists met at a two-day conference early this month in the Périgord region of France to discuss the tuber's troubled future. Mourned Charles Parra, president of the Federation of Truffle Producers in the Lot department in southwestern France: "If we don't find a remedy, the truffle will disappear forever from our markets."

Finding a remedy is complicated by the fact that the truffle is a mysterious fungus related to the mushroom, growing mostly on the roots of certain scrub oaks, usually five or six inches underground. Wet summers, a decline in oak planting and the unpredictable nature of the truffle itself have all contributed to its increasing scarcity.

Old Secrets. To reverse the trend, three Italian scientists invited to the conference proposed implantation by artificial inoculation, sterilizing the soil before seedlings are introduced, and the use of trained dogs instead of the pigs that the French traditionally employ to sniff out the ripened tubers. Said one expert: "It only takes about three weeks to train no matter what kind of dog, and a dog is a lot easier to move around with. Getting a 450-lb. pig in and out of a Deux Chevaux is an unnecessary bother."

The Italians' scientific approach left many French farmers unmoved. "You never know why you find truffles at the foot of this tree and not at the foot of that one," said one. "It happens, by chance, that you can pluck a small fortune [at the current rate of about \$20 per lb. wholesale]. But you must at least know some of the old secrets. For example, they say that by working the soil around the oaks under the March moon on the right day you get truffles that are well rounded. The truffle is a passion, not a culture!"

JEAN MARQUIS



FRENCH FARMER WITH TRAINED PIG
A shortage of witches' spit.

IT'S A LOT OF LITTLE CAR.

Admittedly, Vega isn't as inexpensive as some little cars you can buy.

But we didn't build Vega just to be an inexpensive little car. We built it to be a good little car. And it is. In fact, we think Vega is the best little car money can buy.

One big reason is Vega's engine. We didn't borrow anybody's existing engine, because no existing engine was good enough. Vega's is a 140-cubic-inch overhead cam with an aluminum block. Very unique. Also very functional: it manages to be peppy and frugal at the same time.

There are other things that make Vega seem like a lot more car than most little cars. Like interior room. Vega offers as much room per passenger as many big cars.

And Vega comes standard with an amazing array of features not normally found in little cars. For one thing, Vega comes standard with big 10-inch disc brakes up

front and new-type drums in back.

And Vega comes standard with foam-filled front bucket seats, which are quite possibly more comfortable than any car seats you've ever felt.

And Vega comes standard with side guard beams built into each door, for added protection.

And a very refreshing power ventilation system.

And even a disposable engine air filter that lasts 50,000 miles—more than twice as long as the old kind.

And Full Coil suspension, self-cleaning rocker panels, double-panel roof construction, 3635 square inches of glass area, a Delcotron generator and an electric fuel pump. Check Vega out at any Chevrolet dealer's. You'll be surprised.

It's a lot more car than you expected it to be.



Buckle your seat and shoulder belts.
It's an idea you can live with.



Seagram's 7 Crown. It fits right into



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The right day. The right people. And just enough of the right whiskey: Seagram's 7 Crown.

It belongs in your world. A world of good things. And all of them in good measure.

Why else do more people make 7 Crown a part of their world than any other whiskey?

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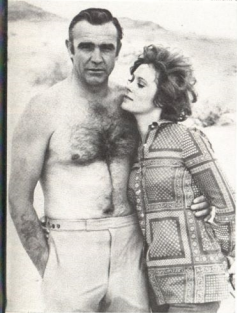
Regular, 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, Menthol, 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov., '70.

PEOPLE

It really wasn't the best time to ask for a raise, but what with inflation and spiraling servants' wages, the lady of the house went ahead with it anyway. Last week **Queen Elizabeth II** formally petitioned Parliament to boost the royal budget, which has stayed at \$1,140,000 for nearly 20 years. Noting that she was "anxious to limit the burden that any new provision would impose on her people at this time," the Queen said that she would give up her own annual salary of \$144,000 if Parliament would raise the allowance of her husband (currently \$96,000) and other members of the royal family. Even if the Queen's request is not granted, the electricity is not likely to be turned off at Buckingham Palace. Elizabeth's private income from her Lancaster estates alone comes to some \$720,000 yearly. British taxpayers already ante up about \$4,744,800 for such items as the upkeep of various palaces, the royal sea-going yacht *Britannia*, two royal trains and five royal aircraft—plus the royal phone calls and postage stamps.

Actor **Sean Connery** made a name for himself—James Bond—in five rumbustious movies based on **Ian Fleming**

CURT GUNTHER—CAMERA 8



CONNERY & ST. JOHN
Back to Bondage.

novels. Feeling that this was too much of a good thing, he vowed nevermore to play the role. But last week Connery was once again on location, embattled in Bond as the 007 of *Diamonds Are Forever*. Connery is donating a big slice of his reputed \$1.2 million salary to an educational fund he has helped set up. Also benefiting is Actress **Jill St. John**, Connery's leading lady and perhaps lead-

ing lady friend. They seem to be having a lot of fun together. But having a real romance? "Are you kidding?" said Miss St. John. "I wouldn't discuss it if I were."

There may soon be a folk-singing superstar named **Robert Allen Zimmerman**. Old **Bob Dylan**, 30 this week, says he is "thinking about" changing his name back to the one he grew up with. He became Dylan (out of his admiration for poet **Dylan Thomas**) about nine years ago, because "I had a lot to run away from. Now I've got a lot to return to." What he is returning to is his Jewishness. For a year or more, Dylan has been "getting into this ethnic Jewish thing," says his friend and annotator, **A.J. Weberman**. "He's reading all



ELLIOTT LADD

BOB DYLAN

Back to the Jewish thing.

kinds of books on Judaism, books about the Jewish resistance like the Warsaw ghetto. He took a trip to Israel last year that no one was supposed to know about and even, it is rumored, gave a large donation to the Israeli government." Dylan denies giving money to Israel or to the fanatical Jewish Defense League, but he confesses great admiration for that "Never again" action group and its reckless leader **Rabbi Meir Kahane**. "He's a really sincere guy," says Bob. "He's really put it all together."

Australian-born **Germaine Greer**, sexy, literate liberationist (*The Female Eunuch*) and TV exponent of the movement's witty-gritty, was guest of honor at Washington's National Press Club, an organization she once would have shunned as a haven for male chauvinists. But now the club admits women, and Greer's appearance drew an audience that to M.C. **Sam Fogg** of United Press International sounded "just like a Schrafft's tearoom." Presented with a club tie, Greer noted that "it will keep my hair out of my eyes during demonstrations." She swung into high Greer

during the question period. When will women stop thinking of men as sex objects? "Men ought to be more conscious of their bodies as an object of delight, and women less so." Whom would she pick if the choice were between **Norman Mailer** and **Teddy Kennedy**? "If I had to breed with either, it might be just as well if the world came to a halt immediately."

INGRID FROELICH—PHOTOREPORTERS

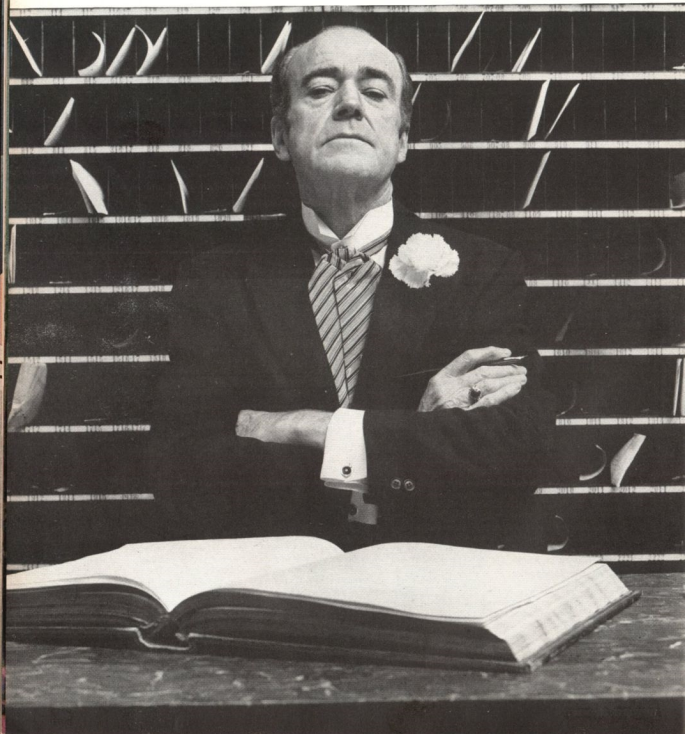


GERMAINE GREER

Back to the witty-gritty.

It was busy, busy, busy at **Tricia**ville last week. The Bride of the Year and her "Fast Eddie" **Cox** settled on an apartment for his last year at Harvard Law School—a \$180-a-month, two-bedroom, third-floor walk-up in Cambridge, a few blocks from the school (the Secret Service will also have an apartment in the building). At the bustling White House Indian Treaty Room, security agents were fluoroscoping the wedding presents that were pouring in from all over. Then there were the parties to turn down. The only invitations accepted will be those of a few friends in New York and the Official Family (a shower by **Mrs. Spiro Agnew**, a reception by Secretary of State **William Rogers**). As a prospective bride, **Tricia** practically took over the *June Ladies' Home Journal*, modeling her trousseau on the cover and four pages inside, and making White House girl talk with *Journal* Reporter **Lynda Bird Robb**. Excerpts: **Lynda**: "Maybe I'll get Chuck to call Ed and tell him how **Luci** and I made it out of the White House [after the wedding]. Obviously, you don't go out any of those big gates." **Tricia**: "That would be the best wedding gift you could give us." **Lynda**: "Do you and Ed talk politics?" **Tricia**: "Sure. Don't you and Chuck?" **Lynda**: "Not very much. I never even asked my husband how he voted." **Tricia**: "I never asked Ed because I don't want to know."

**On May 5th, many European hotels
refused dollars.**



They did accept the American Express Money Card.



As you've probably read, the recent international money crisis caught a lot of American travelers in an awkward situation. Suddenly, their dollars weren't negotiable for some of life's luxuries—such as meals, hotel rooms and airplane tickets.

Travelers who carried the American Express Money Card had no such problems. Why? Because the Money Card is money—virtually the equivalent of local currency in most countries of the world.

Whenever a charge is made with the Money Card, it's written up in the local currency of the country where the charge occurs. In other words, if you want to pay your hotel bill in Geneva, the Money Card charge is entered in Swiss Francs. So it's always acceptable at the better restaurants, hotels and

shops almost everywhere—no matter what the dollar situation may be.

If you're going abroad this summer, the American Express Money Card could be the smartest thing you take with you. Next to your passport, of course. Remember our processing time for the application is about five weeks. So to get your Money Card before you leave, mail in the application today.

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PREVIOUS HOME ADDRESS (Street)	(City)	(State or Country)	HOW LONG	FIRM NAME OR EMPLOYER		NATURE OF BUSINESS		
ADDRESS (Street)	(City)	(State or Country)	(Zip Code)	POSITION	ANNUAL EARNINGS	YEARS WITH FIRM	TELEPHONE	
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NOTE: If earnings above are less than \$10,000, indicate source and amount of any other income, e.g., commissions, rental account, dividends, investment income.						PERSONAL ACCOUNT— MAIL BILL TO OFFICE <input type="checkbox"/> PERSONAL ACCOUNT— MAIL BILL TO HOME <input type="checkbox"/> COMPANY ACCOUNT— MAIL BILL TO OFFICE <input type="checkbox"/>		
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SCIENCE

Vulcan's Fiery Forge

Nearly every resident of the small Sicilian winegrowing village of Sant'Alfio last week joined the procession up the fuming, rumbling mountain. Praying, singing hymns and carrying relics of their patron saints, the villagers advanced to within a few yards of the glowing, smoking wall of lava. As his flock knelt before the threatening stream, Sant'Alfio's parish priest, Don Francesco Parisi, tilted his head skyward and implored God to "send away this menace from us and from our homes."

Ten minutes after the somber procession began, however, the angry mountain responded with another explosion of hot vapor and clouds of sand. To those at the scene the outburst sounded like the beginning of the Apocalypse.

gases from Etna in recent years gave scientists some hint of impending trouble, they are still unable to predict eruptions with any accuracy. As a result, they concentrate on trying to minimize damage once the lava flows. Belgian volcanologist Haroun Tazieff, whose asbestos-suited sorties into fuming craters round the globe have earned him the sobriquet "The Inferno Detective," has suggested bombing Etna to test methods for diverting the lava flow from villages. The Italians shrugged off the idea. It could raise a Solomonic question: Whose land should be spared and whose should be ruined?

Dantesque Scene. Such problems are hardly new. Famed among the ancients as the forge of the fire god Vulcan, Etna has acted up throughout recorded history. During medieval times, its lava

cameras caught a highway bridge on Etna's panoramic Sea and Snow drive being twisted and melted by encroaching lava. The eruptions have also created a carnival-like atmosphere; a few of the tourists have gone so far as to cheer whenever the lava pours into a fresh field or orchard. That behavior has threatened another kind of blowup: fighting between insensitive sightseers and angered Sicilian farmers.

At week's end Sant'Alfio was evacuated in advance of the relentless lava. Lacking any help from the scientists, the people of the mountain could only continue to beseech their saints for help in cooling Vulcan's fiery forge.

Toward the Red Planet

Having lost the race to the moon, the Russians are clearly determined not to arrive second in other areas of space. Though last month's linkup of a manned spaceship with a larger unmanned vehicle was apparently marred by difficulties, it showed the keen Soviet interest in establishing the first earth-orbiting space station. The Russians are also aiming at more distant targets. Last week they launched a massive, 10,230-lb. spacecraft toward Mars.

The purpose of the six-month, 290,000,000-mile flight, the Soviets said, was to conduct scientific investigations of the Red Planet. But the great weight of the spacecraft immediately suggested the possibility that the Russians may attempt a soft landing. The U.S. is not scheduled to launch its Viking soft-lander instrument package toward Mars until 1975. Said NASA's Deputy Administrator George Low of the Russian effort: "I hope it gets there, and I hope we share with them in the data."

Low also disclosed the results of the intense investigation into why the Atlas-Centaur launch vehicle had sent the U.S. Mars orbiter, Mariner 8, plunging into the Atlantic only minutes after take-off. The failure occurred, he said, when the rocket's autopilot circuitry was damaged by a surge of voltage. NASA officials believe that a recurrence of the problem can be avoided on Mariner 9, which they hope to launch by mid-June; after that Mars will not be in a favorable position for another two years.

Even as their own Mars vehicle raced toward its goal, the Soviets had another reason to be pleased. Six months after its landing, the eight-wheeled moon rover, Lunokhod I, was still continuing its lunar explorations, digging up soil samples with a conical drill and analyzing them with on-board instruments. It was also photographing the moon's face and scanning the heavens with an X-ray telescope that has already detected at least two sources of X-ray emissions in distant space. So overjoyed were the Russians by Lunokhod's performance that *Pravda* was moved to proletarian metaphor and compared the little vehicle to a faithful "workhorse that toiled from dawn till sunset."



SICILIAN VILLAGER ON SLOPES OF MOUNT ETNA
Only God could help.

In fact, it was the latest and one of the most violent episodes in the current eruptions of 10,970-ft.-high Mount Etna, Europe's largest active volcano.

Hot Magma. Etna's fireworks have provided Europeans with one of the most exciting spectacles in years, and tourists flooded to the region. There were also more serious visitors: the numerous volcanologists and other earth scientists who are clambering over Etna's slopes, hoping to learn more about the processes at work inside the mountain. Most volcanoes lie near the meeting place of the massive, slow-moving plates that are believed to make up the earth's outer shell. Their crunching movements apparently cause cracks in the earth's crust that enable hot material known as magma to escape in the form of lava. Many scientists think that Etna was created by the meeting of the African and European plates.

Although the increased emission of

completely destroyed the city of Catania. The latest series of rumblings—the most dramatic in two decades and the eleventh of the century—began in the late afternoon of April 5. In a Dantesque scene, gases, glowing cinders, red-hot boulders and seething lava (temperature: about 2,000° F.) spewed out of newly opened boccos, or mouths, on Etna's upper slopes. Hot tongues of lava engulfed the old three-story cement-and-stone volcanological observatory near the top of the mountain and bent the pylons of an aerial tramway into uselessness. The fiery streams rolled over protective rock dikes placed in their path, ignited valuable fruit trees like matchsticks and threatened Sant'Alfio and at least one other village on the highly populated, fertile slopes. Total damage so far: about \$5,000,000.

Scores of reporters and cameramen have arrived to record the geological drama. In one memorable scene, TV

**In this business,
I am
number one.**

**Guten Tag
wonderful employees of
 Lufthansa
German Airlines:**

American travel agents have voted
our Senator Service the finest transatlantic
first-class service in the air.

What will we do for an encore?

The Red Baron

The day we think of our business as just another business is the day we turn in our cross and our shield.

For the commercial insurance companies, health insurance is a business. A business is supposed to make money.

As the cost of health care rises, though, the commercial companies are finding health insurance less and less profitable. Last year, according to a spokesman for the Health Insurance Institute, health and accident insurers paid out some \$600 million more than they collected in premiums.

So now, they're looking for ways to cut their losses in 1971. Instead of paying the actual cost of a hospital stay, some say they'll pay a flat weekly benefit, maybe \$200. Since that's only enough to pay for two or three days in the hospital, the people who need more care will have to make up the difference any way they can.

From the point of view of the health insurance business, that's a logical thing to do.

We're not a health insurance business, though. We're a not-for-profit service organization, with no owners or stockholders. Just members. Our sole purpose is to see that our members' health care is paid for, and to help see that health care is available when they need it.

So cutting benefits and leaving our members holding the bag is out of the question for us. We must

respond to the problem of rising costs differently. And we are.

To help control hospital costs, we're working out a new way of reimbursing hospitals for our members' care. Under the new system, hospital rates will have to be approved in advance by an impartial review board.

To prevent unnecessary use of hospital beds, we're putting more emphasis on coverage for ambulatory care and care in the home. These forms of care are much less expensive than acute hospital care, and just as effective, for many patients.

Finally, we've been speaking out in favor of major changes in our health care system. Changes that will help us make more efficient use of the health care personnel and facilities we have now. Changes that will give us the educational programs and new facilities we need to keep people well, rather than curing them after they're seriously ill and require expensive long-term hospital care.

Unfortunately the effect of many of these changes may not be felt for years. In the meantime, as health care costs continue to rise, we have no choice but to increase our members' dues from time to time.

Today, our health care system is going through what amounts to a revolution. Commercial health insurance companies are beginning to wonder whether health insurance even makes sense as a business.

In the midst of all this, we at Blue Cross and Blue Shield are moving as quickly as possible to find new ways of making better care available at lower cost, while still paying our members' health care bills.

We really have no choice.

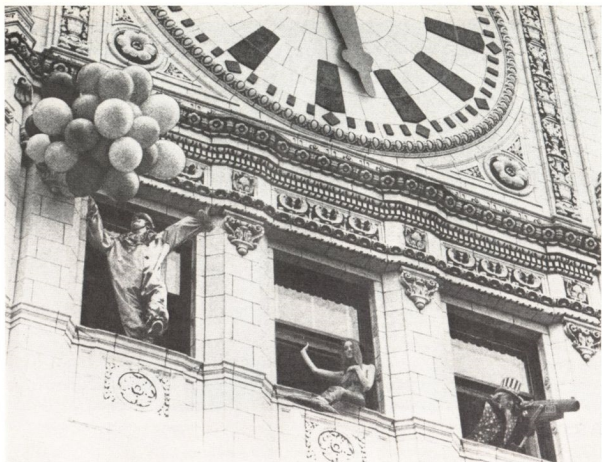
After all, that small crusade is the only business we have.

We need each other.



**We're nothing but people getting together for health.
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Look out below. Three weeks of Happy Days.

June 21 through July 9

Beginning June 21, savings will be worth more during The Happy Days of Summer — a three-week noontime festival of fun at National Boulevard Bank. When you open or add to a savings account at National Boulevard with \$200 or more, you'll receive a free gift in addition to the highest interest rates allowed by law. Come one! Come all! to the Happy Days of Summer.

Happy Days at the Fair

June 21 - June 25

Clowns! Calliopes! Cotton candy! Games! Prizes! A real down-home country fair every day this week at the Wrigley Building. Test your skill at darts . . . throwing baseballs . . . tossing rings. Winners get a unique Happy Day key chain. But there's even more. Some lucky person will win a Grand Prize Happy Day wristwatch each day at the Fair. And when you open or add to a National Boulevard savings account this week with \$200 or more, you'll get a record featuring two versions of the catchy Happy Day song.

Happy Days at the Beach

June 28 - July 2

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July 6 - July 9

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ENVIRONMENT

Prophet of Optimism

The prevailing view among environmentalists is that if the world does not end with a bang, it will expire with a strangled cough. Ecologist Kenneth Watt says that with auto exhausts increasing nitrogen in the air, "it's only a matter of time before light will be filtered out of the atmosphere and none of our land will be usable." A positively dissenting view comes from René Dubos, brilliant microbiologist and experimental pathologist, author of 15 books and still-working professor emeritus at Manhattan's Rockefeller University. Last week he explained his outlook to TIME Correspondent Alan Anderson.

"My life philosophy," Dubos says in polished, French-accentuated English, "is based upon a faith in the immense resiliency of nature. When man realizes that technology cannot solve all human problems, nature bounces back from our abuses. The fundamental aberration of scientific technology during the past 100 years is embodied in the motto of the 1933 Chicago World's Fair: Science Finds/ Industry Applies/ Man Conforms. In fact, man still lives with the genes of the Old Stone Age hunter and the New Stone Age farmer. We must make industry conform to man by adapting it to his genetic limitations. For example, we know that the temperature of the human body varies from day to night and from summer to winter. Yet the air-conditioning industry has given us a completely constant environment to live and work in.

"Look at London. For 200 years, it was the most polluted city in the world. [Because of strict antipollution laws], they have not had a pea-soup fog for six years, and last year they had 50%

more sunshine than they had ten years ago. Songbirds are returning to the parks, fish are being caught again in the Thames." He recalls a personal hero, Herbert Johnson, supervisor of the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge. As a minor park employee 18 years ago, Johnson was appalled at New York City's use of Jamaica Bay as a garbage dump and worked to lessen the visual pollution by planting native shrubs, bushes and trees. Now one of the major bird-watching locations in Eastern North America, the refuge has been proposed as the site of a federal recreation area. Even the pollution of the Hudson River is reversible, he says; it will purify itself naturally if man will only stop using it as a refuse dump.

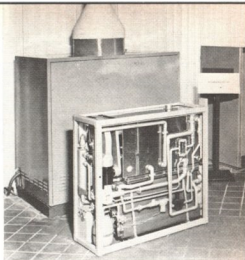
Man with a Mission. Dubos feels that society ultimately will reach the point where production and consumption must slow down as the world's natural resources are depleted, despite efforts to use them more efficiently. While U.S. population grows at the rate of about 1% a year, energy consumption doubles every ten years. But it is the tangible and the immediate that occupy and preoccupy Dubos; at 70, he proselytizes like a young man with a mission. Thus far this year, he has made 24 out-of-town trips, 50 speeches and television appearances. By the end of the summer, he will have made four international trips. Many of his engagements are with students, whose rejection of old social values he finds "the most hopeful sign for the future."

He carries everywhere a plea for legal safeguards against pollution. Industry, he says, "can and will do much more than people believe" to clean up the nation, a point underscored at a congressional hearing last week (see BUSINESS). But, he adds, "they can do it only if there are federal laws so that everyone has to do the same thing around the country. It's a kind of self-fulfilling prophecy. If enough of us say often enough that there have to be national standards, soon there will be a national mood that demands them."

A Cell in Every Home?

Consumers pay relatively little for electricity in money, but dearly in pollution: generating plants, burning more and more coal and oil to meet the demand, send potentially harmful effluents into the air despite serious industry efforts at emission control. Last week a substitute for conventionally produced electricity was put on display. It would be pollution-free—but, in its present stage of development, cost the user at least twice as much.

The device, a natural gas fuel cell the size of a small home furnace, was demonstrated by the Connecticut Natural Gas Corp. in Talcott Village, a planned community near Hartford, Conn. Called



POWERCELL MOCK-UP

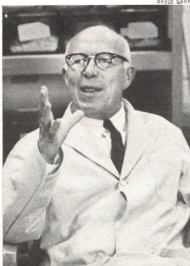
Harmless vapor and carbon dioxide.

Powercell II, the test unit was developed by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft. The cell would be installed in the consumer's home or factory and connected to a natural gas pipeline. Gas and air mix together in the cell, then react with a catalyst to produce electricity.

Cutting Costs. The principle of the fuel cell is hardly new; it has been known since 1839. Pratt & Whitney also designed the fuel cells used in Apollo flights. But the specific and well-financed proposal to employ them en masse is new. For environmentalists, Powercell would deliver power with a plus: the only waste products of its chemical reaction are harmless water vapor, carbon dioxide, and a little heat. Its on-site use would eliminate unsightly power lines as well as the complex network of power plants, substations and generators.

Along with its environmental advantages, however, Powercell II faces major commercial disadvantages. The high cost of electricity produced by the prototype is the result of expensive, intricate equipment. Another problem is the shortage of natural gas. Powercell's backers say the cost will become competitive with large-scale use. The natural gas supply, they contend, can be increased if regulatory agencies end a price freeze that discourages exploitation. Some big utilities do not share that optimism. Says a spokesman for New York's giant Consolidated Edison Co.: "The fuel cell is not something that's germane because it's far down the road."

Men from TARGET. It appears certain that Powercell II will at least get a fair test. It has the backing of Pratt & Whitney and 32 U.S. gas and gas-electric companies known collectively as TARGET (Team to Advance Research for Gas Energy Transformation, Inc.). Since 1967, TARGET has put \$20 million into fuel-cell research and development; it will spend another \$20 to \$25 million in the next three years to field test Powercell in 19 states and the District of Columbia. If all goes well, says C.N.G. President Robert H. Willis, the fuel cell could be marketed by 1975.



DUBOS IN LAB

An immense faith in nature.

THE LAW

A Plea for Civility

Disrupting courtroom decorum is an occasional tactic of defendants and even defense lawyers willing to risk violating the canons of their profession. Often with the help of an intemperate judge, they manage to raise a legal ruckus that may very well provoke a mistrial or a judicial error likely to be reversed on appeal. Though the U.S. Supreme Court has not yet laid down rules for obstreperous lawyers, it held last year that a judge has broad powers in dealing with unruly defendants. He can have them gagged or bound, expelled from his courtroom or cited for contempt. For ill-mannered lawyers, though, a judge's contempt power has remained just about the only censure. And as in the conspiracy trial of the Chicago Seven, a few flamboyant attorneys have not hesitated to challenge it.

Those who advocate sterner rules to regulate a lawyer's courtroom actions found a ready and powerful ally last week. Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, in an address to 1,500 lawyers, judges and law professors at the American Law Institute meeting in Washington, D.C., called for a return to civility in the legal profession. He urged stronger disciplinary measures by the profession itself, for the "tiny fragment" of lawyers who employ more adrenaline than judgment in court (see box). He also criticized the actions of some journalists and students who, he maintained, contributed to the rising swell of public incivility. As *TIME* Washington Correspondent Dean Fischer reported last week, the reasons for Chief Justice Burger's impassioned appeal run deep:

"Like a mirror, the speech was a reflection of the man. It showed clearly the standards of civility that the Chief Justice maintains in both his public and private life.

"He worries about the lack of restraint in a divided and contentious na-

tion. So much so, in fact, that he has chosen to use the prestige of his high office to speak out on the troubling issues that transcend politics. He derives much of his inspiration from American history, and quotes approvingly from Thomas Jefferson's manual of decorum, which urged restraint on the uninhibited behavior of colonial legislators.

"While pruning roses in the garden of his six-acre Virginia estate, Burger ponders the implications of the past for the present and the future. When he saw the play *1776* recently, he was struck by the vigor and passion of the founding fathers as they debated the course of the new nation. But he was also impressed by 'the underlying calm of those remarkable men' as they grappled with the monumental task of writing a Constitution in the dust and grime and heat of Philadelphia in the summer of 1787.

"The Chief Justice is a daily practitioner of the restraint he urges on others. There are robust arguments among the Justices of the Supreme Court and



CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER

Words for a Contentious Profession

Excerpts from Chief Justice Burger's speech:

WITH passing time I am developing a deep conviction as to the necessity for civility if we are to keep the jungle from closing in on us and taking over all that the hand and brain of man has created in thousands of years, by way of rational discourse and in deliberative processes, including the trial of cases in the courts.

Yet all too often, overzealous advocates seem to think the zeal and effectiveness of a lawyer depend on how

thoroughly he can disrupt the proceedings or how loud he can shout or how close he can come to insulting all those he encounters, including the judges.

At the drop of a hat—or less—adrenaline-fueled lawyers cry out that theirs is a "political trial." This seems to mean in today's context, to some, that rules of evidence, canons of ethics and codes of professional conduct—the necessity for civility—all become irrelevant.

Civility is to the courtroom and adversary process what antiseptic is to a hospital. The best medical brains cannot outwit soiled linen or dirty scalpels,

sharp disagreements that seem to defy reconciliation. But underlying the differences is an atmosphere of cordiality that is rooted in mutual respect. It enables Burger and William O. Douglas—poles apart philosophically—to remain close friends even though they are infrequent judicial allies. It is that kind of civility that Warren Burger counsels for the nation."

Up Against the Cops

Last February, Plainclothes Patrolman Frank Serpico and two other New York City policemen knocked at the door of a suspected Brooklyn heroin pusher. When the door opened a crack, Serpico shouldered his way in only to be met by a .22-cal. pistol slug crashing into his face. Somehow he survived, although there are still bullet fragments in his head, causing dizziness and permanent deafness in his left ear. Almost as painful is the suspicion that he, and perhaps his partners, may well have been set up for the shooting by other policemen. For Serpico, 35, has been waging a lonely, four-year war against the routine and endemic corruption that he and others claim is rife in the New York City police department.

His efforts are now sending shock waves through the ranks of New York's finest. An independent five-man panel known as the Knapp Commission, formed as a direct result of information provided by Serpico, is due to report its findings next month. Insiders say that the commission will charge that 60% of New York policemen are on the take. Among certain elite units of plainclothesmen and detectives that are responsible for investigating such areas as gambling and narcotics, the report is expected to say, the corruption rate is between 99% and 100%. Serpico, as a matter of fact, was one of the tiny minority that was untainted.

On his first day in a Bronx gambling squad, he was taken by his partner to meet a known gambler, was

and the best legal skills cannot either justify or offset bad manners.

With all deference, I submit that lawyers who know how to think but have not learned how to behave are a menace and a liability, not an asset, to the administration of justice.

We must make some basic decisions in terms of allocating the responsibility for regulating what is inherently a contentious profession and then place rigorous powers of discipline wherever we place the responsibility. Lawyers, judges and law professors must see that an undisciplined and unregulated profession will destroy itself, will fail in its mission and will not restore public confidence in the profession.

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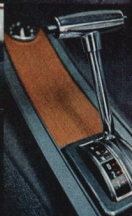
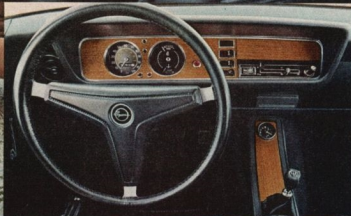
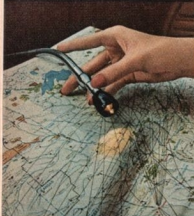
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handed an envelope and told "to go buy yourself a hat." Astonished, Serpico handed back the envelope, said he didn't need a hat, and walked out. Later he was told such gifts were standard, a "fringe benefit." The bribes amounted to \$800 a month per man, he says, and rose to \$1,200 for commanding officers. At first he tried to ignore the blatant payoffs. "But every day," he recalls, "they just tried to bring me into it more and more."

Unaffordable Scandal. The first time Serpico reported the bribery to a superior, he was warned that although charges could be brought, "by the time it's all over, they'll find you floating

HERB GORD—NEW YORK MAGAZINE



DETECTIVE SERPICO RECOVERING
One of the tiny untainted minority.

face down in the East River." Ultimately, though, Serpico did provide evidence leading to charges against at least 20 cops. In one instance, he gathered evidence against two policemen who were shaking down his brother, a grocer, for a weekly \$2 bribe to forestall harassment with petty citations. The two cops were dismissed from the force but were acquitted on subsequent criminal charges.

Convinced that the whole system needed cleaning up, Serpico began carrying extra guns for protection and a concealed tape recorder to gather evidence. Whenever he reported his findings, he was promised cooperation by various superiors. But nothing happened. Eventually, Serpico decided to take his evidence directly to the office of Mayor John Lindsay. Even there he was put off. He recalls that one administrator dismissed him as a "psycho," while Aide Jay Kriegel told him, "We can't afford

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May 14, 1971.

a scandal now. We expect a long hot summer and we don't want to antagonize the police."

Disillusioned, fearful for his life but still determined, Serpico and three other policemen, including an inspector, went to the New York Times more than a year ago and talked into a tape recorder for eight hours. After learning of the upcoming story, Mayor Lindsay quickly announced the formation of an investigation team that ultimately became the Knapp Commission. With some of Serpico's information and volumes of its own, the commission has since compiled a picture of department-wide police corruption. In one reported scandal, two commission investigators came upon a group of officers in uniform brazenly stealing cartons of meat from a packing plant. Though the investigators called the precinct twice, no patrolman was sent to the scene. As a result of that incident, the precinct commander was transferred and 22 others, including two lieutenants and 11 sergeants, were disciplined.

Real Disguise. Serpico says he is unhappy as an informer. Born to Italian immigrant parents in the tough Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, he grew up in awe of the policeman on the beat. "There was something about those shiny buttons, the white gloves, even the gun, that we all admired," he says. After two years of college and a year as a social worker, he joined the force in 1959. But Serpico never joined the club. He rarely spent off-duty time with co-workers, would not enter the "us and them" clannishness that leads many police to view all non-cops with some distrust. He invested eight years getting a B.A. in sociology at City College of New York night school and moved to a Greenwich Village bachelor pad with a distinctly hippie tone and a menagerie of pets, including a sheepdog. After he became a plainclothesman he sprouted a beard. His fellow cops kidded him about his disguise, and Serpico smiled along with them. But he began to wonder: "Maybe it isn't a disguise; maybe it's really me."

Though the impact of the commission's upcoming report has yet to be felt, Serpico has little hope that anything will really change. He was given a long-overdue and much-desired promotion to detective two weeks ago, but he is nonetheless thinking of quitting the force. Of the policemen charged as a result of his work, two have pleaded guilty to criminal offenses, and only one—a former partner—has been convicted so far. Few cops will speak to him any more, except for some of "the young guys, the hopefuls." Still recuperating, he cannot forget that while he was in the hospital, his get-well cards included one reading "Better luck next time, you scumbag." Another said: "Too bad you didn't get your brains blown out, you rat bastard." Says Serpico sadly: "Cops are afraid to be honest, the system is so corrupt."

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MODERN LIVING

The Jesus Boots

The tides were running smoothly and the sun, shining through clouds, spread a soft golden mist across the Thames one morning last week. Phalanxes of gray commuters plodded across Tower Bridge toward offices in the City, all but ignoring the busy river. For those who did glance aside, there was a surprise: an impeccably uniformed Royal Navy officer was walking on the Thames.

From a nearby navy minesweeper came a shout: "Where do you think you are? This isn't the Sea of Galilee." That sort of humor no longer bothers bearded Sub-Lieutenant Alan Hogarth, 33, a supply officer currently stationed near London. Since early 1970, when he decided to walk on water, he has become inured to jokes about his "Jesus Boots," the strange contraptions that make his watery strolls possible.

Head Over Keels. The boots, developed with the approval of the Royal Navy, consist of a pair of 30-lb., 4-ft.-long wood and polystyrene boxes, each hollowed and fitted with water-ski foot grips. Each box has a 3-in. keel and is painted dark red, with WALK NAVY lettered in white on the side.

The present pair of watershoes is the third of a series. Two earlier versions failed to work properly: in his first attempt Hogarth simply strapped two chunks of polystyrene to his feet and promptly tipped over in a tiny, 6-ft.-deep pool, plunging into the water head first. Because of the buoyancy of the blocks, he was unable to right himself, and rescuers had to haul him to safety. Undaunted, Hogarth continued to improve the design until he achieved stability. "I could have walked for hours

WATER WALKER HOGARTH



HAREM OUTFIT

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Looking great with child.

if my legs hadn't begun to ache," he said after last week's excursion.

On the water Hogarth looks rather as if he is skiing. Brandishing a pair of poles stuck into plastic buckets filled with polystyrene, he pushes first one boot and then the other along the surface of the water in a flowing movement.

Patented Boots. Hogarth's shipmates treat him with something less than the dignity his accomplishment deserves. "I won't say what I'm called," he said, "except that it is blasphemous." Hogarth, nonetheless, plans to patent his boots, although he so far has no plans to put them on the market. Neither do his naval superiors. "We backed Hogarth," said a spokesman, "to show we have a sense of humor. We haven't thought of a practical use for the boots yet."

Bellies Are Beautiful

Maternity clothes have always been designed like the Trojan horse: to hide, disguise and deceive. The wider the dress, the more pleats and folds, the less identifiable the condition—or so traditional pregnancy fashions would have it seem. Lately, however, the shape of things to come has undergone some happy alterations, supplanting voluminous tents and overhanging blouses with jumpsuits and knickers, low-cut evening gowns and even hot pants. Largely through the intervention of the Lady Madonna Maternity Boutique, women can now look great with child.

The owner of Lady Madonna,* Richard Tiefer, 28, was head of a trucking company two years ago when his newly pregnant wife Joanne discovered that "even the best stores had those old-lady, bonded fabrics, and even the size 8s were huge." Joanne took to her sewing machine and soon turned out a swinging maternity wardrobe that had her friends pleading for their own.

* Named for the Beatles' song.

Tiefer quit his job, sank his resources into a Manhattan storefront and hired a designer to help his wife. Before Melissa Tiefer, now two, was born, the Lady Madonna Boutique was ready for opening-day ceremonies—which included a buffet of pickles and ice cream and an array of statuesque, round-bellied mannequins.

"Bellies are beautiful," says Tiefer, "and maternity is nothing to be ashamed of." His customers evidently agree. The Manhattan boutique is now pulling in up to \$12,000 a week; Madonna outlets are already going strong in New York's Westchester County and Long Island, and in New Jersey and Beverly Hills. Other branches are due to open by mid-August in Houston, Chicago, Washington, Miami, Boston and Montreal. Customers are mostly young—and sometimes not even pregnant. But then, explains Designer Basha Johnson, 22, "I don't design for the pregnant woman. I design for myself." Miss Johnson's waistline measures a ready 24 inches. Nonetheless, her clothes will accommodate an extra foot or more of growth. There are gaucho pants and bathing suits (\$21), jumpsuits, dirndl dresses (\$42) and hot pants (\$10), all with expandable waists. Actress Mia Farrow, prior to twins, picked up the Victorian midi, Mrs. Dustin Hoffman bought the fringed suede mini, and Singer Diana Ross, Supremely pregnant, has toted home \$700 worth of Madonnas.

"The pregnant woman," says Tiefer, "is discovering she is still beautiful and sexually appealing." To that end, Madonna's star design for fall is a long, black jersey dress (\$50). Just over the area where the stomach protrudes, there is a circular cutout into which any one of three discs—two patterned and one plain black mesh—can be snapped. The black disc, recommended for evening wear, includes a strategically positioned rhinestone guaranteed to be the center of attraction.

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BEHAVIOR

The Family As Patient

In almost all traditional forms of psychotherapy, the patient meets alone with his therapist and is expected to tell no one—even his closest kin—about what goes on in his sessions. A major exception to that rule is family therapy, a fast-growing new specialty in which the patient is a whole family. Several relatives spanning two or three generations see their psychotherapist together for treatment, which does not always probe as deeply as individual therapy but costs less in both time and money.

Of the 1,000 or so psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers in the U.S. who now practice family therapy, one of the most innovative is Psychiatrist

assures them by demonstrating that powerful parental figures also experience intense feelings of helplessness." Adults, too, need reassurance, and Paul provides it by bringing together families with similar troubles so that they can compare their emotional reactions and see themselves through other eyes. He helps this process by allowing patients to see video-tape recordings of their therapy sessions.

Crippling Grief. In one case, a 39-year-old journalist named Lewis, about to divorce his wife to marry a young girl, had broken down in sobs as he recalled his grief over the death of his beloved Aunt Anna. "She was always accepting me as I am. Being with her was like peace," he explained. Reviewing

DAN DENSTEIN



DR. PAUL LEADING THERAPY SESSION
"A feeling of being half lost."

Norman Paul of Cambridge, Mass. His theory: family troubles are frequently caused not by a generation gap but by a communication gap, which family members can bridge by sharing their innermost feelings with each other.

Forbidden Subjects. If feelings such as fear, disappointment, envy and grief are concealed, Paul believes, they are distilled and passed on from generation to generation. "As each new set of parents accords its young the treatment it received earlier," he says, "every child is left to traverse life's problems alone." What both young and old need to break out of that pattern, he suggests, is profound empathy.

To promote this understanding, Paul sometimes asks questions about "forbidden" subjects: a death, a family secret, guilty anger at someone close. At first his patients are generally evasive, but eventually most of them reveal their emotions. For some children, Paul says, this is the first opportunity "to see their parents suffering, a situation that re-

his childhood sorrow as his wife listened, Lewis recognized that his girl friend represented the goal of his lifelong search for another Aunt Anna. This led him to return to his wife, now more understanding because she had shared his secret feelings.

Since then, Paul has used the Lewis tape to diagnose hidden, crippling grief in other families. A brusque father whose son William was in emotional trouble got "a feeling of being half lost" when he heard Lewis' sobs. Then, says Paul, "he recollected the time when he himself had felt intense grief"—when his father remarried. Then, Paul helped him reconstruct what he knew but had blocked off: that when he was four, his mother had killed both his nine-month-old sister and herself. Because he had repressed his sorrow instead of facing it, he had never recovered from the experience. Under Paul's guidance, he saw that he was jealous because his son still had what he himself had lost so early—a mother. That hidden jealousy, it

soon became clear, was the real cause of the boy's emotional disturbance.

When divorce threatens to split a family, Paul often uses the "freeze-split technique," advising husband and wife to live apart for a while to find out what emotional problems left over from their premarriage days still need to be solved. In one instance, a woman who nearly broke up her marriage—by beginning a series of affairs just as her daughter turned four—revealed in therapy that she had lost her mother when she herself was four. To Paul, the somewhat fanciful conclusion was inescapable: the first affair "was an attempt to remove herself from her daughter just as her own mother had left her."

The reward for facing the reality of envy and other painful emotions during family therapy, Paul concludes, is "a sense of oneself, a sense of self-esteem and expectant mastery over whatever might be coming down the pike."

Nurses and Abortion

A nurse is trained to do all in her power to save a premature infant, no matter how defective or fragile it may be. When a fetus is aborted, however, a nurse is required to discard it—no matter how well-formed and active it appears. This paradox has already caused acute emotional problems—anxiety, in somnia and depression—among nurses in Hawaii, which a year ago became the first state to legalize abortion on request. At a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, Psychiatrists Walter Char and John McDermott of the University of Hawaii School of Medicine reported that nurses in Honolulu hospitals suffered "acute identity crises" or doubts about their roles in aiding abortions.

Taught to venerate life, to sympathize with patients and to respect doctors, they became increasingly distraught about the aborted fetuses and angry both at patients for having abortions and at doctors for performing them.

Called in to give some psychiatric first aid, Char and McDermott found that unrestricted abortions were not only troubling the nurses' consciences but also bringing to the surface all of "their deep, unresolved personal conflicts regarding birth, death, sex and aggression." Setting up a number of group meetings, the two psychiatrists encouraged the nurses to talk freely about their pent-up thoughts. It soon became evident to most that their turbulent feelings and reactions were widely shared, normal and perfectly understandable to the psychiatrists.

The sessions also gave the nurses a better understanding of both their patients and themselves. Many of the nurses allowed themselves to admit that "beneath the seemingly brazen patient, there might be a frightened little girl who needed help." One nurse, critical of her patients' sexual permissiveness, made a frank confession: "I guess I'm jealous that they're having so much fun."

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THUNDERBIRD



More Controversy About Pot

Undaunted by the criticism that followed publication in April of their report on the adverse effects of marijuana, two Philadelphia psychiatrists last week strongly reiterated their case. Testifying in Washington before the Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, Harold Kolansky and William Moore again insisted that pot can produce serious emotional disturbance, even psychosis, in young users with no history of psychiatric illness. This time the opposition was even better prepared. Seven psychiatrists, all prominent in the drug abuse field, vigorously denounced the anti-pot report.

Kolansky and Moore insisted that "mental changes—disturbed awareness of self, apathy, confusion and poor reality testing—will occur in an individual who smokes marijuana on a regular basis whether he is a normal adolescent, an adolescent in conflict, or a severely neurotic individual. Those who are already ill," they said, "will become additionally affected and thereby reduce their chance for recovery. Those who are balancing between mental health and illness will lose their balance, and those who are healthy will eventually become symptomatic after prolonged exposure to the toxicity of marijuana." In addition, Kolansky appeared to dispute the widely held belief of drug experts that marijuana users do not generally escalate to heroin. "If nothing is done to strengthen marijuana enforcement," he said, "heroin addiction will become as epidemic in two years as marijuana is now."

Amateurish Criticism. Leaping to the attack, the opposing psychiatrists emphasized that the Philadelphia study covered the behavior of only 38 of the millions who have experimented with pot. Said Leon Wurmser, scientific director of the Johns Hopkins Drug Abuse Center: "There is no systematic quantitative study which would allow any conclusion as to a cause-and-effect relationship between marijuana use and serious mental problems." Professor Norman Zinberg of Harvard pointed out that the Kolansky-Moore findings could be applied to beer drinkers as well as pot users, and San Francisco Psychiatrist Joel Fort said that the study contained "inaccurate and inflammatory statements" as well as "amateurish social criticism that might have been written by Vice President Agnew's speechwriters."

The commissioners, who are to advise Congress on whether or not to legalize pot, were impressed by the testimony of Kolansky and Moore. Their view was reinforced by the nation's chief narcotics enforcement officer, Director John Ingersoll of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, who testified that pot can be "psychologically habituating, often resulting in an anti-motivational syndrome in which the user is more apt to contemplate a flow-pot than try to solve his problem."



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BETTORS JAMMING O.T.B. BOOTHS AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION

SPORT

New Game in Town

"Fantastic!" exclaimed Howard Samuels, president of New York City's Off-Track Betting Corp. "Another big winner." Samuels, who likes to refer to himself as Howie the Horse, was not speaking of Cañonero II's stunning victory in the Preakness, the second jewel in racing's Triple Crown. He was talking about the \$1,151,686 that New Yorkers wagered on the race through O.T.B. "Once more," said Samuels, sounding more like Howie the Hustler, "it's been proved that this city can truly be Fun City."

Fun, maybe, for the plungers who put their money on Cañonero II, which paid \$12.80 at O.T.B. as opposed to \$8.80 at the track. But for Samuels and O.T.B., the first six weeks of operation have been something less than a lark. Like a mudder on macadam, O.T.B. has been tentatively clomping along to cries of "Foul" from racing commissions, labor unions, track owners and horse breeders. Nevertheless, O.T.B. has so far proved a winner with the group that counts most: the bettors. At Grand Central Station last week, one of nine off-track betting sites in the city, the crush of eager bettors—executives with briefcases, housewives toting shopping bags, cab drivers studying tip sheets, secretaries in hot pants—made it rush hour all day long. Although \$2 bets account for 92% of the action, O.T.B. is now raking in an average daily handle of \$235,000 and should begin to break even in three weeks—a full two months ahead of the projected schedule. Says Samuels: "It's beyond our wildest dreams."

Piece of the Action. Grandiose is the word for some of Samuels' other dreams. Aware that in New York City today about 90% of the bets made with bookies are on sports other than horse racing, he would dearly like to get a piece of that action as well. He is also asking the New York State legislature to 1) exclude winnings from state or local taxes, 2) reduce the legal

age for betting from 21 to 18, and 3) expand racing and parimutuel betting to Sundays. Samuels, a self-made millionaire who ran unsuccessfully in New York's Democratic gubernatorial primary before taking the unsalaried O.T.B. job, is as impenetrable to criticism as the bulletproof glass in his betting offices. To the charge that O.T.B. is merely a legalized way of siphoning money away from the poor, he says, "Who's to decide what's gambling and what's entertainment? It's going on. It's here."

Off-track betting may soon be everywhere. Already several states—Pennsylvania, Illinois, California, Massachusetts, Connecticut—have sent delegations to study how New York plays the ponies. Howie the Horse is more than willing to pass on his expertise—for a fee, of course. Indeed, the purely commercial aspect of O.T.B. has been strongly stressed. "The racing industry," says Samuels, "has marketing myopia and is completely insensitive to the fact that they have not been getting their share of the recreation dollar." Hearing that kind of talk, many horse-racing fans wonder whether O.T.B. will affect the sporting aspect of racing. It might.

The Standardbred Owners Association, for one, feels that O.T.B. is getting too much of the recreation dollar. Fearful that O.T.B. will reduce betting at the tracks, they are urging that 2% of the corporation's handle be applied to the purses to maintain their present level. Under the present law the tracks get 1%. "Off-track betting will cut into our attendance," insists George Morton Levy, president of Roosevelt Raceway, the first track that allowed off-track betting on a regular basis. "We'll have to reduce our staff, and finally the whole thing could go down the drain." The union representing the clerks and maintenance men at some of the tracks agreed and threatened to strike if their salary and job-security demands were not met. Last week, as the Roosevelt season closed and O.T.B. prepared to move the harness-racing action to Yonkers Raceway, Samuels settled with the union

and announced that O.T.B. would begin taking bets on regular flat racing at Belmont Park the week of June 6.

The added action would undoubtedly cause the long lines at the O.T.B. windows to grow even longer. Five months ago, Samuels boasted that O.T.B.'s computers would be "the most sophisticated in the world this side of NASA. There's nothing they can't do." As of last week, they were doing exactly that—nothing. Still waiting for the computers to be hooked up with the tracks, O.T.B. clerks have had to do the calculating manually, causing all sorts of delays and foul-ups. But despite its problems, O.T.B. is out of the starting gates, and with a little luck it may well realize the goal of "adding some fun and excitement to the lives of New Yorkers and contributing greatly to the promotion of horse racing in general." That's straight from the Horse's mouth.

Match-Up for Munich

When they first ran against each other in 1967, Jim Ryun of the University of Kansas was the world's premier miler and Marty Liquori was a 17-year-old hotshot out of Essex Catholic High in Newark, N.J. At the A.A.U. championships that year, Liquori streaked home in 3 min. 59.8 sec. to shatter the four-minute barrier for the first time in his career. The crowd cheered—but not for Marty. He finished seventh, a full 70 yds. behind Ryun, who set a new—and still unbroken—world record of 3 min. 51.1 sec. for the mile. Last week the two met again in a race that was billed as the Super Mile. And super it was, as Liquori narrowly defeated Ryun in what amounted to the first lap of a long,

LIQUORI DEFEATING RYUN



long race that is likely to end in Munich at the 1972 Olympics.

Last week's meet in Philadelphia was the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. International Freedom Games. For Liquori, it was appropriately named. Ever since their first encounter, Liquori has been trying to free himself of a Ryun hex that plagued him even in victory. Two years ago, after losing six straight races to his nemesis, Liquori nipped Ryun by inches to win the N.C.A.A. championship. "Right away," recalls Liquori, "everyone said that he was holding back because he had to run the three-mile an hour and a half later." The next week he passed Ryun in mid-race and shouted, "Is there something wrong?" Something was indeed wrong. Ryun suddenly veered off the track, walked out of the stadium and into retirement, muttering, "Too much competition, too many races, too much pressure."

Hate Mail. Ryun's departure from competition left the field to Liquori. Asked if he missed Ryun, he said, "I don't think Wilt Chamberlain misses Bill Russell very much." But Liquori did miss the competition, if only because the pressure that buckled Ryun became "the monkey on my back." It was not too large a monkey; going into the Freedom Games, Liquori had won 27 out of his last 28 races. Ryun, in retirement, returned to school, packed on 35 lbs., and tried to forget all the hate mail that labeled him a "quitter." A year ago he decided "to try and get some fun out of running again." He returned to competition in January and in short order ran a 3:56.4 mile in San Diego, equaling the world indoor record. Last month, prepping for his rematch with Liquori, he posted a time of 3:55.8 at the Kansas Relays, the fastest mile that he or anyone else had run in three years. He was ready.

So was Liquori. A fierce competitor who prefers to run against a man rather than the clock, he was hoping for a fast early pace so that he might be able to "outgut" Ryun with a long, sustained kick. At the half-mile mark, though, Ryun led the eleven-man field in the dawdling time of 2:03.3. Forced to move out earlier than he had anticipated, Liquori passed Ryun and began a tortuous 660-yd. sprint for the finish. Rounding the final turn, Ryun pulled to within a step of Liquori. Down the stretch they came, Ryun with his head ticking rhythmically, Liquori with shoulders hunched and head back like a man fighting for breath. At the tape, Liquori was still a step ahead; he won in 3:54.6, the fastest mile he had ever run. Ryun was so close behind that officials clocked him in the same time. Afterward, Liquori said that the race proved only that "I was the fastest on this particular day." Looking ahead to the day, he added: "I'm anxious to meet Jim again, but it's the last time—the 1972 Olympics—that will count."



WHEN FOLKS RETIRE FROM JACK DANIEL'S they find things to keep them busy, but they also manage to keep an eye on the Hollow.

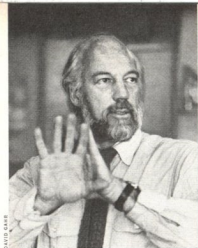


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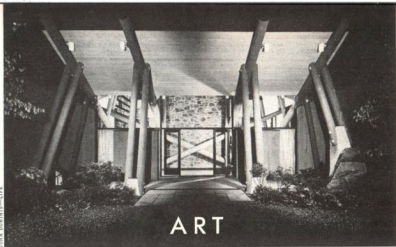
ARCHITECT JOHANSEN

Toward a New Slang

On the evidence of his work, John M. Johansen is a restless eccentric among U.S. architects. He seems willing to try anything once. Pecking among the styles, he has, in the past, gone through the routine Miesian curtain-wall phase, made his bow to Italian Baroque in his design for the U.S. embassy in Dublin and constructed a house in Connecticut framed like a ramifying tepee with 150 telephone poles (they were bolted together under the direction of a Norwegian shipwright). He also has designed buildings, like the Mechanic Theater in Baltimore, of an almost Egyptian heaviness. Currently his office is lodged on the top floor of a loft building overlooking Manhattan's East River. The loft is owned by a retailer of garden furniture who stores his surplus on the roof. There, Johansen entertains in a boneyard of leafy wrought-iron love seats, rusty trellises, cast-lead nymphs and salvaged Art Nouveau birdbaths. In those startling surroundings he looks for all the world like a Viking who has strayed onto the set of an unfinished Cocteau movie.

At 54, Johansen is still relentlessly curious and something of a loner, but his dissent has firmed. With a growing minority of other highly gifted American architects, Johansen is engaged in what amounts to the first rethinking of the architectural commandments handed down years ago by the late Mies van der Rohe and Walter Gropius. His new approach has crystallized in one challenging building: the Mummers Theater in Oklahoma City.

Brash and Incisive. At first sight, it does not look like a theater at all. Johansen designed it in terms of distinct units—blocks of raw concrete with brightly painted steel cladding, connected by tubes and catwalks. Nothing could be more remote from the idiom of the theater as temple—massive portico and formidable foyer suggesting, in the manner of Lincoln Center, that the audience is going to be vouchsafed a peek at the altar of some crushing god named High Culture. The Mummers Theater,



GLASS & TELEPHONE-POLE HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT

by contrast, with its simple materials and modest scale, does not try to stimulate the audience's sense of self-importance; it is entirely directed toward the events onstage. It is literally a playhouse—open, light, improvisatory, gamelike. The design amounts to a proposition that boxing all the functions of a building into one articulated mass is not the only way to order, and that the legacy of the *Beaux-Arts* tradition, which Johansen scornfully calls "the tasteful arrangement of compositional elements," is dead because it cannot provoke fresh responses. "Most modern building," he adds, "is just an extension of the *Beaux-Arts* tradition." The idiom of Gropius or I.M. Pei is eloquence; that of corporate architects like Edward Durrell Stone is rhetoric; what Johansen now seeks is "a kind of slang . . . I want my things to look brash and incisive and immediate. They should respond to what people actually need, the way slang and jargon respond to quick needs in communication."

This sounds like the traditional functionalist, machine-for-living argument, but it is not. The question is not how to "allow for" people's work and movement in a given building; it is how to design a structure as the uncrimping skin of human action, growing round its paths and patterns in an absolutely candid way. "You start with what people do—not with what you think they ought to do," Johansen follows this up with belligerent commitment. While designing a low-income housing project in The Bronx recently, he threatened "to break every stick of furniture in the goddam conference room" because the housing authorities would not allow him to design the front stoops that, as everyone but housing authorities knows, are a basic social-gathering place for city dwellers. (He won the point.)

Commonsense Circuitry. Some of Oklahoma City's more conservative people dislike the Mummers Theater because it reminds them of a factory. It is in fact an exquisitely human building in its scale, organization and intriguing unpredictabilities. But the comparison would not, in any case, offend

Johansen. The ordering model he used in thinking it out—through eight years of close collaboration with the theater's director, Mack Scism, and David Hays, a prominent stage designer—was that of electronic circuitry. "My whole design," he says, "can really be stated in terms of components—the two main theaters—with subcomponents like offices attached, plugged into the backstage facilities and wired together with circuiting systems. Circuits for the audience, for the actors, for air conditioning and so on." After that, all that is left is styling, a process to which Johansen (like the Archigram group in England, whose experiments he admires) is utterly indifferent. "The façade disappears," he says. The result is that his work has a refreshingly explicit look: not fetishistic or overly concerned with detail, but imbued with a commonsensical directness as to ways and means.

Open to Change. Renaissance planning, in terms of axis and façade and fixed viewpoint, cannot work in today's web of combination and change, and the shifting elements and separated blocks of the Mummers Theater are Johansen's tentative statement of a fluidity that, he believes, architecture must either reach or perish. "I never liked permanent solutions," he says. "One of the things that got me in Rome was the idea of a building as a palimpsest, the record of time and change. You see a row of 2nd century arches with a 16th century building capped onto the top, and then new outgrowths, even the television aeries. That's great, it lives." Any building should be "open to change," because if it is not, it will in time come to predict wrongly and then distort the needs of its occupants. If the director discovers the need for, say, a library, he can build a new unit for it and link it to the original building with a new people-tube at any convenient point. The motto is: "Don't build for the ages; let the ages build for you." Like all advanced architecture, Johansen's theater is a gamble with public taste, but its terse pragmatism is so logical that it seems a pointer to a very likely future.

■ Robert Hughes



OKLAHOMA CITY'S MUMMERS THEATER: John Johansen's design is gay as a Tinkertoy, logical as a diagram, dramatic as a stage set.



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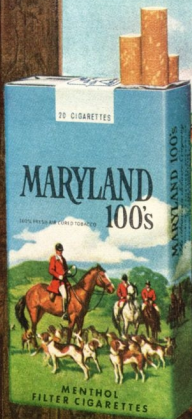
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THE PRESS

Second Wave to China

A window unexpectedly opened on Mao Tse-tung's xenophobic society last month when China admitted a handful of foreign correspondents, including the *New York Times's* Tillman Durdin, an old China hand, and *LIFE's* John Saar. The view turned out to be carefully circumscribed and minimally enlightening. True to his promise to admit Western newsmen "in batches," Premier Chou En-lai last week invited another group of correspondents to China. Included: the *New York Times's* assistant managing editor Seymour Topping, who has already entered the country, Robert Keatley of the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Times's* star columnist James Reston, who will go in June.

The first group of American newsmen were restricted to major cities (85% of the population lives in the countryside) and apparently saw little that the Chinese did not want them to see. Correspondent Durdin wrote that "the places visited were for the most part showplaces." He also noted that "improved industrial output has given them a little better livelihood." The nation is stable and "back at work in a settled, regulated way," Durdin concluded.

Perhaps the best story to come out of China so far was filed last week by Freelancer Audrey Topping, wife of the *Times* executive. In a dinner-party interview with Chou, she got his personal account of China's split with the Soviet Union, including a description of a meeting in which Mao told Russian Premier Aleksei Kosygin that their dispute would last 10,000 years. Chou said that in 1969, at Kosygin's request, he conferred with the Russian leader for three hours at the Peking airport after Ho Chi Minh's funeral. They agreed to start negotiations over their border dispute and, in effect, maintain the state of nonbelligerent enmity that still exists.

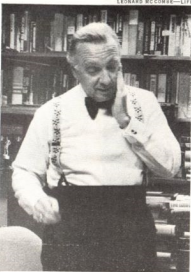
The Cronkite Retort

The elder statesman of television newsmen, Walter Cronkite, dropped his usual restraint last week to make a heated public attack on the Nixon Administration. Speaking in New York City to the International Radio & Television Society, Cronkite said:

"Many of us see a clear indication on the part of this Administration of a grand conspiracy to destroy the credibility of the press . . . Short of uncovering documents which probably do not exist, it is impossible to know precisely the motives of this conspiracy. But is it too much to suggest that the grand design is to lower the press's credibility in an attempt to raise their own and thus even—or perhaps tilt in their favor—the odds in future electoral battles? . . . Nor is there any way that President Nixon can escape responsibility for this campaign . . . He

could reverse the anti-press policy of his Administration . . . It attacks on many fronts: often reiterated but unsubstantiated charges of bias and prejudice from the stump, the claim of distortion or even fakery planted by friendly columnists, the attempts to divide the networks and their affiliates, harassment by subpoena."

In accusing the Administration of a sinister-sounding conspiracy against the press and TV, Cronkite chose his words poorly. He cited, in an area where precision of language is crucial, no specific examples to justify the idea of a clandestine plot. However, many newsmen would probably agree that the Administration has made a concerted effort to defend its policies by regularly attacking the media that questions them. At almost the same hour Cronkite was speaking, Vice President Spiro Agnew



WALTER CRONKITE
Taking the offense.

was in Jackson, Miss., consoling his audience for residing outside the "seaboard media impact zone," beyond "the first-strike capability of the Washington Post and the *New York Times*." He also coined an Agnewism to describe what he claims is the distorting editorial process by which violent protest is written about as if it were peaceful petition. The new term: mediamorphosis.

Press Lord Without Portfolio

The Republic of Singapore, under its first and only Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, has become an island of democracy, stability and prosperity in Southeast Asia. Lately, however, Statesman Lee has been making some unstatesmanlike moves against the press.

Early this month, Lee jailed four top staff members of the 131,000-circulation *Nanyang Siang Pau* (*Commercial Daily News*), one of the island's largest Chi-

nese-language dailies. He said the paper had been "glamorizing Communism and stirring up Chinese chauvinism." The four men, arrested under internal security regulations, have not yet been charged with any specific violation of the law. They have been denied access to an attorney and are still in jail; no trial has been scheduled.

Five days after the arrests, Lee announced that the *Eastern Sun*, a pro-government English-language tabloid, had received \$1.3 million in financing from Chinese Communist agents. Lee claimed that the Communists had allowed the *Sun* (circ. 6,000) to pursue an anti-Communist editorial policy to deflect immediate suspicion and give China a foothold in Singapore. When the *Sun's* publisher, Aw Kow, refused to deny the financing charge, the entire editorial staff resigned and the paper folded. Unlike the *Nanyang Siang Pau* editors, however, Aw Kow has been neither charged with a crime nor jailed.

Raw Power, Lee's actions, some Singaporeans believe, were motivated by his sensitivity to the racial balance in the republic. Three-fourths of Singapore's 2.1 million citizens are Chinese, the rest Malays, Indians and Pakistanis. A fervid believer in the merits of Western-style education, the Cambridge-educated Prime Minister had been under fire from *Nanyang Siang Pau* for allegedly downgrading Chinese language and culture in the schools.

The ethnic issue does not, however, explain the plight of Lee's latest victim. Still in its first year of publication, the lively English-language Singapore *Herald* (circ. 16,000) has been critical of Lee on many issues, including a ban on press coverage for the rehearsal of a military parade, where many onlookers took pictures.

Last week Lee called in the still-functioning press to watch some raw political power at work. Flanked by profusely perspiring Hendrik Kwant, manager of a local Chase Manhattan Bank branch, Lee smilingly announced that the bank is foreclosing on a \$311,000 loan to the *Herald*. Lee has also pressured the paper's principal backer, Hong Kong Businesswoman Sally Aw Sian, to prevent her from putting in new financing, without which the paper may stop publication this week. The bland, uncritical *Straits Times* and its afternoon paper, the *New Nation*, will be the only English-language dailies left; there are nine more Chinese- and other-language dailies.

Lee's justification for his offensive against the press: "I think that in every democratic country freedom is limited. If you say you want complete freedom in an emergent country, I can give you two examples: one is India, another is Ceylon. Both countries are now in chaos." The dying *Herald* replied in a front-page editorial that Lee had "erred beyond caution . . . we ask only to be able to tell the truth and to have the right to live with dignity."

SHOW BUSINESS

Rating the Rating System

This story is rated GP; general readership permitted, parental guidance advised.

Since 1968, a four-letter alphabet has symbolized a loose moral order imposed by the American film industry on the moviemakers. The rating code is a self-defense mechanism designed to forestall Government interference. The letters Americans see affixed to their movies are really The Word according to Chairman Dougherty—Eugene ("Doc") Dougherty, 52, who has been snipping scenes since 1941 and now heads the Code and Rating Administration. Although Dougherty and the ten board members who serve with

several films, including the recently released *10 Rillington Place*—a clinical examination of the career of a mass murderer—that had been rated GP (general admission, parental guidance advised). Other examples of the raters' art:

► A sleazy horror film called *Count Yorga, Vampire* contained even more than the usual quota of gore, including a sequence in which a pliant young woman has an orgasm while a vampire sucks blood from her neck. The board wanted to rate the film either R (anyone under 17 restricted unless accompanied by parent or guardian) or X (forbidden entirely to those under 17 or, in some places, 18). The studio agreed to cut some of the bloodier footage and finally won a GP rating. What remained under the GP label included a shortened version of the

the final fadeout. It prohibited nudity, swearing of any kind and "open-mouth kissing." The new "code" has no specific restrictions or regulations. The rating board weighs a film's theme, language and visual treatment largely in secret, paying close attention to sex, violence and drugs. Its members will not speak publicly about their decisions. Farber says: "There is a long tradition of not talking about what they are doing. Gene Dougherty has a great deal of sway, and things sometimes never even come to a vote. He'll just say to a company, 'If you cut this scene, we'll give you a GP.'"

The seven board members in Hollywood and four in New York arrive at a consensus decision on each film after it has been viewed by most of the members. They have no permanent staff of psychologists, psychiatrists or behavioral scientists to consult. There is one



SEX IN "RYAN'S DAUGHTER"



VIOLENCE IN "COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE"

Resignations, reappraisals and a tendency toward alphabet soup.

him have generally won the praise of exhibitors and the gratitude of parents, there has been increasingly vehement criticism that the categories G-GP-R-X are just so much alphabet soup.

MGM has announced it is quitting the Motion Picture Association of America, under whose aegis the rating board operates. MGM President James Aubrey describes the code as "confusing and impractical." New York Theater Owner Walter Reade calls it "our Volstead Act" and wishes it the same end. There are even defectors from the censors' ranks. Stephen Farber, 27, a film critic who quit the board after a stormy six months, says, "Public hair and breasts, that's what they're worried about."

It sometimes seems that way. Not only Farber but other critics in and out of the industry are often mystified by the board's assessments of the relative immorality of sex and violence. Last week the Film Commission of the National Council of Churches and the Catholic Office for Motion Pictures announced withdrawal of their backing because they found the ratings unreliable. They cited

jugular orgasm and one character eating a cat.

► A recently completed movie on the hard-drug scene called *Clay Pigeons* got a fast X, largely for using a four-letter word and several scenes of full female frontal nudity. Novice Director Tom Stern removed most, but not all, of the nudity and obscenity. The rating was changed to R. Stern tried for a GP, but the board balked at a bloody ax murder.

► *Woodstock* received an R, presumably for some scenes of nudity and scattered obscenities. The result was that some kids who went to the festival by themselves needed their parents to get into the movie. *Gimme Shelter*, a documentary about the Rolling Stones, also received an R originally, but was given a GP after the distributor excised a few familiar expletives from the sound track.

Sex, Violence, Drugs. The late, unlamented Motion Picture Production Code (abandoned in 1966) was a stern compilation of specific commandments. It dictated that all adulterous characters must be punished for their passion by

child psychologist on the board, but the other members come mostly from a legal or picture-business background; six of the eleven are over 50. The applicant can accept their ruling, edit the film to get the rating he wants, or carry his case to a 25-member appeals board. All M.P.A.A. members must submit their films; movies not submitted can be shown without a rating, but most exhibitors prefer to show films that have been rated.

The system is bedeviled by other problems besides sex and violence. Many newspapers will not advertise or review X movies; recently, both newspapers in Albuquerque refused even to carry ads containing the title of an R film. *The Baby Maker*. Even the rating board changes its mind: *Midnight Cowboy*, originally awarded an X, was rerated R more than a year and a half after its release. Many exhibitors, rigorously observing the system, hire guards to check identification. Others, anxious for the extra revenue, simply look the other way as the kids stroll into the theater.

Even with its shortcomings, the sys-

tem has its defenders. They include Charlton Heston, longtime president of the Screen Actors Guild, who calls attacks on the system "sophomoric," and Jack Valenti, the former Lyndon Johnson aide who helped create the code when he became M.P.A.A. president. Says Valenti: "As long as we're getting 60% of the moviegoing public, that's a good batting average. Where I think we have failed is in being able to communicate what GP means. What we rate on is what we think parents would want their children to see." And what is that? Speaking approvingly of a rating appeal in which MGM won a GP instead of an R for *Ryan's Daughter*, he harks back to the old code: "I feel that judgment was correct. Everyone in the film who takes part in adultery comes to a horrible end. It was a beautiful picture."

Eyes Open. The rating system also gets the support of many men who run theaters where urban anonymity cannot shield them from the wrath of parents. Says John Thompson, a Georgia theater owner: "I can't see every movie that goes into my five moviehouses, but I try to see a substantial part of any controversial movie. I still get a lot of playback from close friends."

With their eyes on the perpetual poll that goes on at movie box offices, many film companies have quietly changed their line, adopting production schedules including no X movies and damn (or darn) few R ones. "It's just good business sense today to make only Gs and GPs," says Samuel Z. Arkoff, chairman of the board of American International Pictures. His company has deserted the previously profitable motorcycle and horror genres in favor of remakes of *Les Misérables*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Camille*. All three are fit fare for the family trade. Arkoff is not alone in his judgment that there is a backlash against explicit sex on film. Even freewheeling New York City Distributor Donald S. Rugoff admits to hesitation over an R rating. "I never bought a film before with ratings in mind," he says, "but I do now. The hassle just isn't worth it."

Bruce Boomlet

Obscenity and drug arrests had neutralized Lenny Bruce even before he died of an overdose of heroin in 1966. Few clubs would risk employing him. His lacerating attacks on social convention had evolved into convoluted harangues against the legal system that was successfully muffling him. He stuffed himself with soda and candy bars, a junkie's diet, and became fat. He undertook his own defense in court and, like a character out of Kafka, became lost before the law. His annual income in the late '50s and early '60s averaged \$100,000; in 1965 he was legally declared a pauper.

Even in the last grim days, Bruce retained a legion of loyal admirers; they bought his records and his autobiography, and won new converts to the

cult. Among the faithful there were some who admired not only the thrust of his satire but the drama implicit in his life. Critic Albert Goldman delivered a healthily skeptical Brucian epiphany: "Alive Lenny was a problem. Dead he's a property."

His death did put his life into perspective for some; the surprising result now, five years later, is a Bruce boomlet. Tom O'Horgan, following his production of *Hair*, planned to do a film of Lenny's life; the project stalled and O'Horgan reworked it as a Broadway play, scheduled to open this week. Writer-Director Fred Baker decided to produce a multimedia homage off-Broadway. Meanwhile a crude movie biography opened in New York to capitalize on the still-growing revivals.

Hot Today. "A prophet has arrived," says Sally Marr, Lenny's 63-year-old mother. "This is his day." Says Lenny Greenblatt, a self-described "Bruce freak" who is music director of a Boston FM station which plays Bruce records often: "His satire is so relevant. All the things he martyred himself for are hot today." Fantasy records, which released the first five Bruce albums, is readying a sixth extracted from old tapes. Bruce's autobiography is a campus bestseller. A paperback collection of Bruce material has already sold close to a half million copies. Critic Goldman is preparing a detailed biography due next winter.

O'Horgan's *Lenny* uses Bruce, played by Cliff Gorman, as a symbol to illustrate how America silences her rebels. Abetted by elaborate theatrical masques and imaginative staging, *Lenny* attempts to be a frenzied morality play, acting out Bruce's wildest fantasies and using his own words. Says Playwright Julian Barry, who played in the '50s that accompanied Lenny in a band: "To me the whole play is like Lenny's day in court." Adds O'Horgan: "I want to tell people something about this guy who kept trying to tell the truth. Some of the words he got busted for, Barbra Streisand says in movies now, and people just react with 'Isn't that cute?'" To judge from the previews, *Lenny* is a sincere testament, whatever the verdict of the New York critics. *Dirtymouth*, the film, on the other hand, looks like a rip-off. Made on a budget that could not have been much higher than a ticket to the movie itself, it features Bernie Travis, a borscht belt-style comic sweating through an Aluminon suit, impersonating Lenny as if he were a bileful Henny Youngman.

The courts are also experiencing a Bruce revival. His estate and the producers of *Lenny* obtained an injunction halting the off-Broadway production before it opened. At the same time O'Horgan and his producers are being brought to court by, among others, Lenny's ex-wife, on a variety of charges involving the Broadway play. Bruce would have appreciated the irony of legal wrangling over his commercial remains. He might even have turned it into a good monologue.

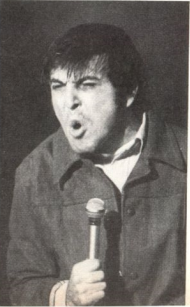


GORMAN AS LENNY IN "LENNY"



THE REAL LENNY

TRAVIS AS LENNY IN "DIRTYMOUTH"



Enjoy a \$1,000 diamond ring for up to three years...then get your money back if you wish...plus 7%



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*Gemological Institute of America

MILESTONES

Born. To Svetlana Alliluyeva Peters, 45, Joseph Stalin's only daughter, and William Wesley Peters, 58, Architect Frank Lloyd Wright's longtime assistant and now vice president of the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation: a daughter; in San Rafael, Calif. Name: Olga. "This pretty girl makes another strong link between this country and myself," said Mrs. Peters, whose two grown children by previous marriages still live in the Soviet Union.

Died. Ogden Nash, 68, American master of light verse and champion of the outrageous rhyme (see *THE NATION*).

Died. Dennis King, 73, actor; in Manhattan. British-born King began his 60-year career in the theater at the age of 14 as a callboy, and by 1925 achieved matinee-idol status portraying François Villon in Rudolf Friml's musical *The Vagabond King*. When he starred three years later in *The Three Musketeers*, one critic wrote: "He has the voice of a canary, the grace of a swallow and the valor of an eagle." Equally at home in operettas and Shakespearean tragedies, the versatile baritone counted *A Doll's House*, *Billy Budd*, *Rose-Marie* and *Affair of Honor* among his numerous stage credits. King also starred in several Hollywood films and occasionally appeared on television. He was last seen on Broadway as the host of a transvestite ball in the 1969 production of *A Patriot for Me*.

Died. Gregory Peter Cardinal Agagianian, 75, scholarly Armenian-born prelate and twice (1958 and 1963) a leading non-Italian candidate for Pope; of cancer; in Rome. After studying for the priesthood in Rome, Agagianian returned to Soviet Georgia as a parish priest and in 1937 became Beirut-based patriarch of 100,000 Armenian Catholics. Nine years later he was made the second Armenian cardinal in the history of the church. The Vatican's resident expert on Soviet affairs and master of eleven languages, he also headed Roman Catholic missions throughout the world from 1960 to 1980.

Died. Donald F. Duncan, 78, popularizer of Yo-Yos and parking meters; of a stroke; in Los Angeles. When he first saw Filipino immigrants playing with a crude toy in the late 1920s, Duncan was not impressed: "It looked like nothing, like a potato on a string." So he devised a slip string that let the wooden "potato" spin, registered the name Yo-Yo and embarked on a high-power promotion campaign. Youngsters looped the loop to the tune of up to \$7,000,000 annually in sales for Duncan. Although he made another fortune by manufacturing parking meters, Duncan's Yo-Yo firm was forced into bankruptcy after his retirement in 1957.

"How an Accutron® watch helped me add 3,000 square miles to Greenland."



By David Humphreys,
Explorer and Navigator

If you get lost in northern Greenland, you die.

All four of us in the expedition knew it. Every dog in the team knew it.

To calculate our longitude we depended on an Accutron watch.

We used the most accurate watch we could find because longitude is an

exact measure of time. An error of only four seconds can misplace a mile.

And at 50 below in the middle of the six-month arctic night, you wouldn't want to do a thing like that.

**The old boys obviously didn't have
Accutron watches
with tuning fork movements.**

As it turned out, there had been quite a bit of misplacing.

My figures (recently verified by an earth-orbiting satellite) showed that Greenland is 3,000 square miles larger than it appears on the official map compiled from records of the early explorers.

The old boys had obviously calculated their longitudes with watches that were slightly off.

In those days there weren't any Accutron watches with tuning fork movements guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

Which leads me to believe (now that Greenland is safely behind me) that there may be other mis-mapped areas in the world.

Say, in the nice, warm South Seas, perhaps?

Accutron Date and Day "AG": Stainless steel case. Stainless steel link band with fold-over buckle. Black and white target dial. Date can be reset instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. \$185. Other styles from \$110. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. © Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become
a scientific instrument.
Accutron® by Bulova.

We've been working quietly for 10 years to make you forget the "Tin Lizzie."

We listen. It's always been our way of staying in touch.

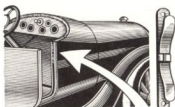
And some time ago, our people came to a frightening conclusion.

We decided a certain part of our past was hurting us.

Of all things, it was the Model T. For despite everything the "Tin Lizzie" was—dependable, tough as a tractor, impre-

it wasn't. It wasn't exactly sophisticated. And it certainly wasn't quiet.

The nickname "Tin Lizzie" was no accident.



Anti-rattles, which sold for 25 cents, were fastened to the door jambs, and guaranteed to stop the doors from rattling.

We also decided the Europeans were beating us at our own game.

Ironically, they were the ones who were acquiring a reputation for solid, untinny cars. And Americans were buying them. The need for a quiet, well-built American car was obvious.

So we started to work on it. The big question was whether people would buy the "Quiet Car" from the "Tin Lizzie" company.

Fortunately, they did. The

1965 Ford LTD, "the car that rode quieter than a Rolls-Royce" (note the ad), sold in record numbers. Naturally, that pleased us.

But the "quiet car" was more than an advertising idea.

It really was quiet.

It was purposely built to be a more solid-feeling, quiet-riding car than its competitors.

You see, Ford Motor Company has always been in business to make money.

We've been able to do that by giving people what they want.

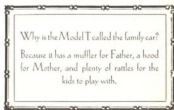
And so far, there's been good profit in giving people sound, honest products.

Let us tell you how we've gone about building quiet ones.



Subject of song and fable, the Model T was everything but quiet.

tentious and loveable as an old shoe—there were certain things



People could joke about a noisy car in the old days. But today, it's a different story.

[illegible]

In 1964, this ad unveiled the "Quiet Car."

Noise is something that has to be engineered out.

Long before a design for a body and frame ever goes into production, we take a prototype and put it on the torture rack. There we apply thousands of pounds of "twist." If something gives or breaks loose, it isn't considered rigid enough to pass. At that point, it's back to the drawing boards until the design is right.

GOOD WELDS ARE A MUST

When it finally is ready for production, our 50-ton electronic welder takes over. "The Monster," as it is affectionately known, takes the body-frame components, clamps them firmly in a jig and, in 30 seconds,



Welds don't come unscrewed.

fuses them together with more than 100 welds. It produces a body that's firm, solid, and aligned to within tolerances of a few thousandths of an inch.

THOUSANDS OF WELDS: 3,500
FASTENERS.

Those 100-plus welds are only the first of thousands of welds that hold a Ford Motor Company car together. It's done electronically too, to insure good solid welds. And good welds are absolutely essential to a quiet car.

In addition to its many welds, the typical Ford product also contains more than 3,500 fasteners. That includes nuts, bolts, lock washers, rivets and so on. And in one way or another, virtually every one of them is designed to keep from working loose.

SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

There's even a device called, appropriately enough, the "shake, rattle and roll machine," which can simulate a ride on the roughest road imaginable—right inside the factory. With it, we can test a car for rattles and squeaks before it ever leaves the assembly line. We can check for noise in the doors, inside the trunk, under the hood, inside the seats, behind the dashboard—places like that. It's one more way to help give you a quieter car.

NYLON IS BETTER.

Speaking of noise, we cover the floors of our cars with thick nylon carpeting, because we've found that nylon is a better sound deadener.



Nylon carpets cost more, but they're quieter.

COMPUTERS HELP.

Where you put the insulation is extremely important, also. So we use computers to help locate critical noisy areas.

The baffling compartments in our mufflers, for example, are designed by computer. The same for the special vibration dampeners we've installed at the rear of our transmissions.

The fact of the matter is that every single part of a Ford Motor Company car is constantly under scrutiny by our sound engineers.

FUSSINESS PAYS OFF

If there's a squeak, knock, ping, clank, drum, humm, peep or pocketa-pocketa to be found anywhere in a given design, they'll find it. And when they do, something gets done about it—or else. Their work has resulted in everything from thicker weatherstripping around the doors and windows, to redesigned engine mounts, to improved gearteeth in the rear axles and transmissions.

That kind of thing adds up. It's what quiet cars are made of.

STILL SKEPTICAL?

We invite you to test the difference yourself. We've made a lot of friends in the last five years selling quiet cars to skeptical people.

We'd like you to be one of them.
So much for our point of view.
Give us yours.

Send us your wants, needs, likes, dislikes, gripes, etc. Your letter will be read, considered and answered.

WRITE:
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LISTENS
DEPARTMENT T
THE AMERICAN ROAD
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN 48121

Do write us. We listen. And we listen better.



...has a better idea
(we listen better)



J.R. EISENBERG

BUSINESS

ASSEMBLING L-1011 TRISTAR IN PALMDALE, CALIF.

Should Lockheed Be Saved?

THE U.S. Government is being confronted with a major and difficult question of principle—and practice—involving the nation's way of doing business. Lockheed Aircraft Corp., the biggest defense contractor, is in a deep cash crisis, and it is looking to Uncle Sam for a bailout. The company wants Congress to authorize an unprecedented federal guarantee of a \$250 million loan to save its wholly commercial L-1011 plane, a medium-range "airbus" designed to carry 250 passengers. If Congress refuses, the company's management warns that Lockheed will skid into bankruptcy, upsetting a business empire that employs 75,000 people in 26 states. This would add to the unemployment rolls, particularly in California, and dim President Nixon's chances of carrying the state in 1972.

The Nixon Administration has made a command decision to save Lockheed. Having sent to Congress a bill to authorize the loan guarantee, President Nixon has assigned Treasury Secretary John Connally, a relentless persuader, to lead a hard-sell campaign on Capitol Hill. Hearings on the issue are scheduled to begin June 7, and there will be many dramatic confrontations before the final vote is taken, probably at the end of July. At the moment, a slim majority in Congress appears to favor the guarantee, though with much reluctance. As a price for it, California Senator Alan Cranston, a Democrat, demands the firing of Lockheed's chairman, president and board of directors. Indeed, Lockheed Chairman Daniel Haughton told TIME Correspondent Jerry Hannifin last week that he is willing to step down. Said

Haughton: "The management is more interested in Lockheed's survival than in any jobs, and that starts with me."

Expensive Burial. Haughton and other Lockheed chiefs argue that failure to back the loan for the three-engine L-1011 TriStar would be an economic disaster. Without this support, they say, most of the \$1.49 billion already invested in the plane will be lost. Sub-contractors have already spent \$350 million on it, and the airlines have advanced \$240 million in progress payments. Lockheed has poured in \$900 million, including \$400 million in loans from a consortium of 24 banks led by California's Bank of America and Manhattan's Bankers Trust.

Connally contends that it would cost more to bury Lockheed than to sustain it. Without giving specifics, Administration officials maintain that if Lockheed fails they will have to renegotiate some of its defense contracts with other producers, and probably be forced to pay more. In trying to find precedents for helping Lockheed, Connally mentions the Reconstruction Finance Corp., which made loans to troubled but solvent companies from Depression days through 1953. Yet these loans were limited to \$500,000, and theoretically they were available to all firms, not only those with special clout. In asking for help now, Lockheed has noted that in 1967 the Government guaranteed a \$75 million credit for Douglas Aircraft before it merged with McDonnell, but this money was specifically earmarked for defense work and not a commercial venture. As Lockheed, in its widely distributed position paper, says of its own request:

"There is no full precedent for this."

Should Lockheed get special treatment? Surprisingly, there is little support in the aerospace industry, except from Lockheed itself, for the loan guarantee. Lockheed's rivals resent the Government's supporting a company that they believe has been grossly mismanaged—a high-cost, undercapitalized producer. Aerojet-General President Jack H. Vollbrecht contends that help for Lockheed would mean that "if you fail big enough, you don't fail."

Lockheed has also built up a reservoir of ill feeling in the industry because many rivals believe that it has often used abrasive competitive tactics. It has a reputation for "buying in" on Government projects, bidding unrealistically low on the assumption that once the contract was landed, the costs could be renegotiated upward. On Lockheed's C-5A military transport alone, the Government has laid out an extra \$1.3 billion to pay for "cost overruns." Still, Lockheed last year managed to lose money on the C-5A and three other major military contracts.

Bad Judgment. On the L-1011 project, Lockheed's top managers contend that they have been victimized by events beyond their control. They had contracted with Britain's famed Rolls-Royce to build the plane's engines; at the time, Rolls-Royce greatly underbid its American rivals for the award, and the deal was widely thought to be a coup for both companies. But Rolls-Royce also had done some "buying in," and when development costs jumped far beyond estimates, the company fell into bankruptcy. After months of negotiations, the British government agreed to spend up to \$312

million to complete the engine's development and get it into production. Lockheed consented to buy 555 engines and increased its purchasing price for each one by \$180,000, to about \$1 million. To ensure that Lockheed would remain in business as a customer, Britain also demanded that the U.S. Government guarantee the company's bank loans.

Rival aerospace men now argue that Lockheed judged badly in choosing a foreign producer to develop a complex new engine at an unrealistic price. Moreover, in the view of many American businessmen, the British government failed to make enough of an effort to honor foreign commitments after the company went bankrupt and the government took over. As a result, the prestige of British industry in the U.S. has been hurt more than is generally recognized. U.S. engine makers believe that a loan guarantee would be an undeserved rescue of Rolls-Royce as well as of Lockheed.

Delivery Delays. In any event, it is doubtful that the L-1011 will ever be profitable. Increased engine costs will boost its price to customers by at least \$540,000. In 1968, during the early developmental stages of the plane, Lockheed's price for TriStar was \$15 million; inflation and the Rolls debacle have kicked the price skyward. TWA reports that it expects to pay slightly more than \$18 million for the Airbus. The estimated price for a strikingly similar new plane, the McDonnell Douglas DC-10, will probably be at least several hundred thousand dollars less. Lockheed must sell an estimated 350 of its big planes to recoup its development costs; so far it has orders for 178. Meanwhile, Boeing has completed the design for a stubbier version of its 747, called the 727X. If the Lockheed plane is shot down, Boeing may move into the medium-range market to compete against McDonnell Douglas' DC-10.

Lockheed has managed to hold its customers despite the delays and price rises, partly because they have already sunk so much into the L-1011. Should it be scrubbed, they would be among the losers. Eastern has put up \$68 million, Delta \$34 million. TWA, which has advanced more than \$100 million to Lockheed, might be forced into a merger. Unpalatable as the prospect seems, it could prove a benefit to TWA, which last year suffered losses of \$64 million. One or more mergers would ease the profit pressures in the stiffly crowded and overly competitive airline business.

Props and Privilege. Despite Lockheed's dire predictions, it is by no means certain that the company will "go down the tubes" unless Congress votes the loan guarantee for the L-1011. Whatever the bankers say now, they may agree to put up more money rather than let their investments evaporate. Even if Lockheed is pushed into bankruptcy, much will be salvaged. Court-appointed trustees would take over the company; they would probably seek a merger or sell some or all of Lockheed's several prof-

itable divisions to more efficient and affluent contractors. Except for the L-1011, almost every major project would survive. Lockheed had assets of \$1.3 billion in 1969; they are less today and would be diluted further in any liquidation, but a part would ultimately trickle back to the bankers and airlines that have advanced money to the company. Shareholders would be at the end of the line and stand to collect little if anything, but those are the risks of capitalism. Avco, Sperry Rand, United Aircraft and other subcontractors, which have invested much to tool up for the L-1011, would also get little from the liquidation. But some might win new orders as a result of the expanded demand for the McDonnell Douglas DC-10 or Boeing 727X. Few of the suppliers are so weak that they would go under.

The hardest-hit victims would be the 9,700 workers employed on the L-1011 project at Lockheed's Burbank and Palmdale plants. Many have already been hurt because work on the L-1011

has been cut back by 50% since the Rolls-Royce collapse; some would get jobs at the McDonnell Douglas plant in nearby Long Beach, where the DC-10 is being built. There would likely be more hiring by Boeing as well as McDonnell Douglas, and by their U.S. engine makers, Pratt & Whitney and General Electric. Thus, while a failure of the L-1011 would cause unemployment to rise in parts of Southern California, it would create more jobs in other sorely pressed areas from Connecticut to Washington State.

Most important, a Government guarantee of a loan to rescue Lockheed could have some dangerous complications in the future. The Government would set a precedent of propping up a poorly managed company at the expense of its more efficient rivals, giving Lockheed and Rolls-Royce special competitive privileges in markets that may well be better—and more cheaply—served by McDonnell Douglas, Boeing, General Electric and Pratt & Whitney. By contending that Lockheed is too important to be allowed to fail as the result of a commercial project, the Government gives itself vast new powers to determine just which firms are "important" enough to survive. Should military contractors be given precedence over civilian companies? Should big firms be favored over small? For an Administration that champions free enterprise, there is yet another question: How deeply can the Government intrude in the marketplace without bending the whole system out of shape?

THE ECONOMY

Struggle to Stay Competitive

At the highest levels in Washington, the nation's policymakers are increasingly wondering whether the U.S. can stay competitive in major world markets. The rising ability of foreign manufacturers to outproduce and undersell the U.S. in many industries has become a prime source of worry to the men closest to President Nixon. They are particularly shocked by several portents, including the fact that imported cars account for 33% of all new auto sales in California and the expectation that Japan will turn out more steel than the U.S. in 1974. They are upset by the demise of the U.S. supersonic transport (aircraft exports added \$2.5 billion to the plus side of the nation's balance of payments last year) and by the stiffening trade barriers in the Common Market (American farm exports, largely to the Market, added \$7.2 billion to the balance of payments last year). Said Treasury Secretary John Connally last week: "The simple fact is that in many areas others are outproducing us, outthinking us, outworking us and outrading us."

In the White House, a new program is being readied to make the U.S. more competitive. The details are still being worked out, but the broad outlines are clear. They could very well call for some basic changes in U.S. policy. Last



CONNALLY



"Aha! Thought you had me that time, didn't you, Red-Ink Baron?"

week high Administration officials sketched three areas in which they will seek sweeping change:

ANTITRUST. The feeling is growing in the Administration that bigness is not badness but may well be a virtue in helping the U.S. to sell to the world. According to the current thinking, only one or two companies may be necessary in some industries. In others, mergers would help smaller producers grow bigger—and better able to meet the foreign challenge. Some men in Nixon's inner circle argue that the Sherman and Clayton antitrust acts were written for a different, simpler age. There may soon be a high-level call for a relaxation of antitrust rules and procedures, though that is certain to run into furious resistance in Congress.

WORK RULES. White House policymakers are more and more convinced that the time has come to try to change ancient, union-imposed work rules, which impede gains in productivity. Nixon's advisers believe that even the construction industry could meet the egregious wage demands made upon it if the unions would only agree to modernize the spread-the-work rules. Similar rules are largely to blame for the fact that there have been virtually no productivity gains in the steel industry during the past five years, although steel companies have invested \$11 billion in new plants and improved processes. The trouble is that the President's advisers are divided and uncertain about just how to attack the work-rules problem because they are afraid to further antagonize organized labor with the presidential election less than 18 months away. But no officials would be surprised if Nixon called for reform of work rules, perhaps during the current steel-labor negotiations.

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT. The President's new international trade adviser, Peter G. Peterson, calculates that U.S. industry spends only an appallingly low \$11 billion a year on research and development. There is deep debate in the White House over ways to pump up this figure, with a view to stimulating exports. Among the possibilities being considered: tax breaks or direct subsidies for corporate investment in developing new products or techniques. Some of the President's policymakers think that the matter is so important that they are even giving consideration to reducing sharply NASA's \$3 billion space budget and transferring the funds to industrial R. and D.

In the months ahead, much more will be heard on these and other proposals. Rightly or wrongly, the Administration's top policymakers believe that this may be the end of an era in which the U.S. has dominated world markets. Even so, they are convinced that the U.S. must not be allowed to become non-competitive, lapsing into the position of a big England.

INDUSTRY

Eye, the Jury

A hard crust of skepticism has formed on the imaginations of Wall Street analysts since the days when mere mention of "uranium," "transistor" or other buzz words could send a stock's price skyward. A new term, however, is having that effect today: soft contact lenses. Within six weeks after officers of Bausch & Lomb, a 118-year-old optical manufacturer, enunciated the words in March, their stock had nearly doubled. Competitors have said that they will market a soft contact lens, too, with similarly salutary results.

Invented in Czechoslovakia eleven years ago, the object of the excitement is a sliver of porous plastic, slightly larger than a regular contact lens, that becomes soft and pliable when it touches the tears of weak-eyed wearers. Because of its agreeable flabbiness, the soft contact lens can be fitted in one sitting, as compared to four for hard contact lenses. Ophthalmologists generally

trema astigmatism. Because the porous plastic they are made of drinks moisture like a sponge, soft lenses are difficult to keep sterile. Wearers of Bausch & Lomb Softlenses are advised to boil them for 15 minutes each night in salt water. Table salt is not recommended because of its iodine content, nor is tap water because of a variety of impurities. Each pair of Softlenses comes with a bottle of salt tablets and an electric sterilizer that resembles a baby-bottle warmer. The customer must buy his own distilled water.

Out of Focus. A few eye doctors find soft lenses potentially dangerous. "The instant and continuous comfort may be the treacherous element in the soft lens," according to Dr. G. Peter Halberg, corresponding secretary of the Contact Lens Association of Ophthalmologists. "If you get hurt by the hard lens, you usually know it immediately." A soft lens, he noted, may mask the warning discomfort of an eye injury. Indeed, Dr. Richard Troutman, surgeon director of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, has already seen three



PATIENT BEING FITTED WITH SOFT CONTACT LENS
Optimism among ophthalmologists and optometrists.

agree that the soft variety is more comfortable and less likely to become scratched or to pop out unexpectedly than the hard kind. There are some 90 million near- and farsighted Americans, but only 10 million of them wear contact lenses. Millions more have tried contacts, but given them up because of eye irritation. Bausch & Lomb is betting on the likelihood that soft contact lenses, because they are usually non-irritating, will win a large share of the \$400-million-a-year ophthalmic market.

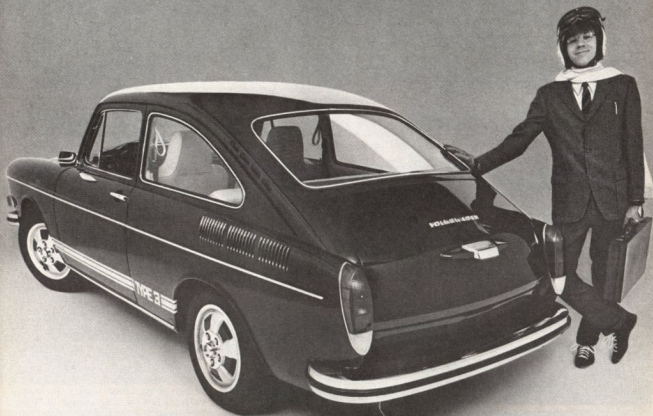
Baby-Bottle Boil. There may be less to the soft revolution than meets the eye. Bausch & Lomb began marketing its Softlens on a limited basis last week in Portland, Ore., but so far soft lenses are virtually unavailable elsewhere in the U.S., and company officers say they will not be sold nationwide until next year. One potential competitor, Griffin Laboratories of Buffalo, only last month received Food and Drug Administration approval to begin testing its product. Another manufacturer, Union Corp. of New York City, has not even applied for approval yet.

For all the eye-popping claims, some ophthalmologists have found disadvantages in soft lenses. They provide less visual acuity, and they cannot correct ex-

"complications" involving experimental soft contact lenses. The patients later required cornea grafts.

Some investors are beginning to worry that the initial stock market euphoria has gotten out of focus, and Bausch & Lomb stock has retreated more than 20 points from its 1971 high of 147. At prices like those being charged by ophthalmologists in Portland—\$325 to \$400 a pair, or about twice the cost of some hard lenses—big demand for Softlens may prove to be an optical illusion.

Still, there are plenty of optimists among U.S. ophthalmologists. It is within their ranks that the battle between hard and soft will be won or lost—because contact lenses are dispensed by prescription. While some ophthalmologists and optometrists bridle at the wholesale prices that Bausch & Lomb is charging them—about \$100 a pair—others have become zealots. "I intend using the soft lenses on every patient I possibly can," said Dr. Mary Young, who maintains a 3,000-patient-a-year optometrical practice in Braintree, Mass. Until she tried on a pair herself at a Bausch & Lomb seminar last week, she had gone, red-rimmed and bloodshot, through 17 pairs of hard contact lenses.



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Are you the Volkswagen Type 3 type?

Don't let the fact that this car might look like Indy 500 material throw you off the track.

Those racing stripes are a con. That sports car back is a front.

The Volkswagen Type 3 can no more fly down a racetrack than it can fly through the clouds.

What, then, can it do, and who, then, is it for?

If you're more concerned with slowing down than speeding up, it has standard front disc brakes.

All 4 wheels are independently suspended so it holds the road better when cornering.

It has the most advanced system of distributing gasoline in the engine: electronic fuel injection.

Shifting on the VW Type 3 is less sticky; 4-speed synchromesh transmission is standard.

And in keeping with Volkswagen standards, it gets around 26 miles to a gallon of gas, uses very little oil, and even less water or antifreeze—none.

But contrary to Volkswagen tradition, it isn't bad looking. In fact, equipped with all the options as you see it in the picture, you can make it look like the menacing, overpowering creature of the road that it isn't.

So if you're looking for a racy little sports car, look somewhere else.

If you're in the market for just an economy sedan, this isn't it.



But if you're the type who wants a racy, economical, little, sporty sedan, eureka!

What the Pollution Fight Will Cost Business

The first round in the fight for a clean environment has been largely won in the U.S., with practically all sides—business, government and consumers—committed to taking some kind of action to control pollution. The second round promises to be longer and far more tedious. It is a vast numbers game involving specific standards of cleanliness, the time limits before they become effective and, most important, the cost of attaining them. Last week, at a hearing held by Senator Edmund Muskie's air-and-water pollution subcommittee, a few answers began to emerge to the question of "Who will pay?"

Union Holdouts. One group that will be forced to pay consists of workers at plants forced out of business by antipollution standards that the owners cannot meet economically. The first major

all non-hazardous paper-industry pollutants." Others, like the United Steelworkers union, have hired specialists to study the issue of job displacements. Nader proposed that Congress force companies that lay off workers because of environmental pressures to continue paying their wages for six months.

Surprisingly Close. Whether or not it must bear that expense, U.S. industry will certainly pick up a major share of the antipollution bill. Increasingly, factories are being equipped with antipollution gear, ranging from costly precipitators and scrubbers to simple fish tanks, whose occupants serve as living testers of contaminants. Though corporations are often criticized for not doing enough, one recent estimate shows their outlay surprisingly high. McGraw-Hill economists calculate that U.S. industry's investment in antipollution work will be \$3.64 billion this year, or just short of what it must spend annually

environmentalists charge that major polluters often stall for time during lengthy negotiation periods provided for in many state and local laws, then begin work in earnest only when court action is threatened. In replying to this criticism, industry executives note that there are still no nationwide standards for many kinds of pollution control. If federal laws become tougher than local ones, they note, much of their early investment could be wasted. Says Crown-Zellerbach President C.R. Dahl: "Standards have a way of changing on us, so we never really know where we will be tomorrow."

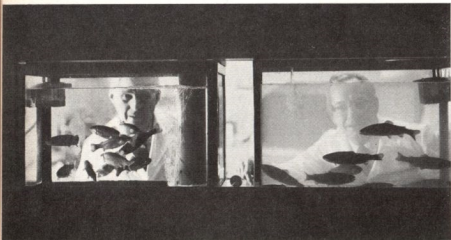
Environmental Recession. Round 3 in the fight could well make ecology an issue in international trade. The U.S. obviously has an interest in a clean environment in other countries simply because air and water pollution do not recognize international boundaries, and thus threaten progress made at home. Beyond that, businessmen legitimately complain that their products, already at a disadvantage on the international market because of high domestic costs, will become even more expensive as a result of the new pollution controls. The U.S. could start to exert pressure on other industrial nations to set stricter standards for their own automakers and steel producers, for example, just as it currently requires imported cars to carry safety equipment that is mandatory for Detroit's models. Otherwise, Nader may be able to use another new term—environmental recession.

RAILROADS

Untracked Again

The second nationwide rail strike in six months ran too long last week (40 hours) to be called merely an inconvenience but not long enough to be remembered as a crisis. Among those hurt by the walkout were hundreds of thousands of metropolitan commuters who jammed buses and highways to get to their jobs, some automakers and other manufacturers, who began furloughing employees, and U.S. Congressmen, many of whom had to cut short their all-too-customary long weekends to get the trains moving again. They rushed through the sixth bill in the past four years to head off national rail strikes. Certainly not the least discommoded victims were 18 Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus elephants, which were marched 13 miles from South Kearny, N.J., through the Lincoln Tunnel and into Manhattan for a scheduled performance.

Catch-Up. All could blame their immediate troubles on the Brotherhood of Railroad Signalmen, a willful band of 13,000 men in an industry of half a million. The signalmen, who earn an average \$3.87 per hour, walked out over a pay demand that would bring them a 55% wage increase in 36 months—better than one-third more than the package most other rail brotherhoods have



RAINBOW TROUT USED TO TEST WATER FROM BOEING PLANT AT AUBURN, WASH.

All sides are committed to action, but who will pay?

corporation to raise that specter was Union Carbide, which threatened last fall to lay off 625 employees at its plant in Marietta, Ohio, in order to meet air-emission standards. The company has since reversed its decision, but several other marginal plants, including three West Coast sulfate pulp mills owned by Crown-Zellerbach, have been closed down. A group of District 50 Allied and Technical Union members sent Muskie a list of 50 companies whose employment is expected to be cut because of pollution controls. Ralph Nader, who testified at the hearing, introduced an ominous new term: the "environmentally unemployed."

Some union leaders have reacted to the prospect of environmental layoffs by becoming at least as anti control as the staunchest holdouts among businessmen. The paperworkers union submitted a statement declaring that "the lives and well-being of our fellow citizens do not depend upon an immediate program of radical steps to eliminate

for the next five years to meet current standards. By their reckoning the cost of doing that will come to \$18.2 billion between now and 1976.

They warn, however, that if these requirements become more stringent in the years just ahead, the costs could rise much higher. Indeed, the Federal Government's latest estimates show that the private sector should budget at least \$23.6 billion for the next five years. Even if the lower figure is correct, U.S. industry must sink amounts equal to about 5% of its pre-tax profits over the next half-decade into antipollution research and equipment.

For individual firms, the costs can be substantially greater. To meet new antipollution standards, some oil companies estimate that they must invest amounts equal to 10% of their pre-tax profits. Last week at General Motors' annual meeting, Chairman James Roche announced that the corporation will spend \$214 million to combat pollution in 1971. Despite these outlays, envi-

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**Announcing TCP/2/TM
-an improvement in
Shell gasolines.**

**TCP/2/ helps keep
your car in tune-
for good mileage
and fewer exhaust
emissions.**



1. TCP/2/ helps keep your car in tune. This helps hold down exhaust emissions in newer cars, reduce emissions in many older cars—and helps to keep your mileage up.

TCP/2/ is Shell's name for a new combination of ingredients—what petroleum chemists call an “additive package.” It is an improvement over TCP, the famous gasoline additive developed by Shell some years ago.



Less than a half-teaspoon per gallon is enough TCP/2/ to do the job.

Today almost all gasolines contain additive packages. They differ somewhat in what they do and how well they do it. TCP/2/ is an effective additive package that provides an improvement in the performance of Shell gasolines.

The effects of TCP/2/ can be summed up as *helping to keep your car in tune*. Two of the main pollutants in your exhaust—carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons—can go up when your car goes out of tune.

It would not be unusual for these emissions to soar as much as 50 percent before you even suspect it. By the time your car tells you it

needs a tune-up, emissions can be extremely high.

By helping your car to stay in tune, TCP/2/ helps to stave off that serious increase in emissions.

TCP/2/ can also have a favorable effect on gasoline mileage. When your car goes out of tune your mileage tends to go down. TCP/2/ works to keep that from happening.

Read on to find out how TCP/2/ can actually *reduce* emissions from many older cars—and *increase* their gasoline mileage.

2. TCP/2/ keeps new carburetors clean, and helps to clean up dirty ones. Works to hold emissions down and mileage up.

When excessive deposits build up on the “throat” of your carburetor, your engine is no longer in tune. Emissions can rise dramatically, and mileage usually goes down.

If your car is several years old or more, deposits may have built up on your carburetor throat.

Although most of today's gasolines contain detergents that will keep clean carburetors clean, not all of today's detergents can *cut down* on these deposits once they've formed. TCP/2/ does have that ability. It contains a new detergent combination that can start to clean up a dirty carburetor with just a few tankfuls of any Shell gasoline.

This can reduce exhaust emissions substantially. And it generally helps mileage, too.

3. TCP/2/ in both Shell and Super Shell helps extend spark plug life. This helps to hold emissions down and keep your mileage up.

When spark plugs misfire, a lot goes wrong. Emissions go up, mileage goes down, acceleration is reduced—and you have to buy new plugs.

One of the components of TCP/2/ works to prevent spark plug misfire. It combines chemically with certain deposits that build up on your plugs, and keeps those deposits from interfering with the normal spark.

Result: no misfiring caused by deposits to send emissions up and your mileage down (not to mention the good effects on spark plug life and acceleration).

Shell pioneered components of this type and Shell gasolines were the first to contain them.

TCP/2/ also helps smooth out rough running in many worn engines that have lost compression.

And one of its components is a special *anti-icing ingredient*. It helps prevent an annoying form of stalling caused by carburetor icing before your engine is fully warmed up on cool, damp days.

4. TCP/2/ in non-leaded Shell of the Future helps protect against valve wear.

One reason *Shell of the Future* can be made with no lead at all is a chemical element in TCP/2/. This element works to protect your engine against possible valve wear.

Shell has been able to leave some lead in *Shell of the Future* for the same purpose. But thanks to TCP/2/ Shell has been able to remove all the lead.

Good mileage and fewer emissions—they can go hand in hand.



• Probably the most important thing you can do is get a tune-up. Over half of all cars on the road need a tune-up. If they all got one, total exhaust emissions in the U.S. would be reduced significantly (and in most cases the effect on mileage would be favorable). You

probably need a tune-up if your car is hard to start, runs rough—or if you haven't had one in 12 months.

• Then, to help your car stay in tune, use a Shell gasoline with new TCP/2/. This will work to hold your emissions down—and to keep your mileage up.



Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

It will make your father proud just to know you can afford it.





CIRCUS ELEPHANTS PASS LINCOLN TUNNEL TOLLGATE
Leapfrogging through a messy controversy.

accepted. Railroad managers argued that a "leapfrog" settlement with the signalmen would only produce new catch-up demands from other unions.

The strike was effective because all the rail unions observed the picket lines of the tiny minority. Congress ended it by voting to give the signalmen an immediate pay boost averaging 13½%, some of it retroactive to Jan. 1, 1970. But after the legislated "cooling-off" period expires next Oct. 1, the signalmen can strike again.

They were free to produce last week's tie-up only because Congress and the Administration have meekly refused to formulate a clear-cut railroad policy. Behind each of the many railroad "crises" of the past few years has been the Federal Government's failure to decide whether a coast-to-coast railroad strike constitutes a national emergency. If it does not, then Congress should allow railroad labor and management, like those in any other industry, to use their ultimate weapons, the strike and the lockout, without federal interruption. If it does, then the Government should devise a plan that guarantees settlements without the threat of a full shutdown.

Whiplash. Both President Nixon and members of Congress have made proposals that would accomplish the latter, but none has worked hard for actual passage. The Administration plan, which is acceptable to railroad management and violently opposed by the unions, would provide for a three-man board to choose between the final offers made by both sides. The Democrats' Williams-Staggers bill would allow unions to strike individual railroads. But rail executives fear that under the plan unions would hit wealthy lines for high settlements that hard-up lines then would be whiplashed into meeting. A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany strongly favors the Democrats' plan, but he has also become receptive to another so-

lution. Says Meany: "Either pass the Williams-Staggers bill or nationalize the railroads."

The outlook for real progress is dim because many political leaders do not want to take a firm stand on a messy labor-management controversy until after the 1972 election. The trains' next stop, like the last several, promises to be midway between the points of inconvenience and crisis, and well short of the national interest.

COMMON MARKET The Agro-Frauders

Having produced its own bureaucracy, its own tariffs and a plan for its own currency, Europe's Common Market was bound to inspire its own kind of crime. That has now appeared in the form of a neat type of smuggling that Eurocrats call agro-fraud. The illegal activity costs the European Economic Community some \$10,000,000 a year.

Agro-fraud was conceived by sharpies intelligent enough to understand the Common Market's crazily complex and loophole-perforated farm regulations. The play involves one or both of two operations: illegally claiming the subsidies paid by the EEC on exports of farm products to countries outside the Six, and dodging the EEC's stiff tariffs on imports. The subsidies* and tariffs are intended to equalize Common Market commodity prices with world prices, which are generally lower. In agro-fraud, the trick is to move products across borders under the wrong label.

Name of the Grain. Exports of top quality European wheat flour, for example, receive a subsidy equal to 80% of the world market price. Taking advantage of that, one enterprising German trader was convicted of making

several hundred thousand dollars by exporting certified "finest wheat flour" to Switzerland and pocketing the subsidy. When EEC officials finally inspected a shipment, they discovered that the flour actually was a nonsubsidized mixture of cattle feed. Conversely, "cattle feed" imported into the Common Market duty-free often turns out to be a mixture of two high-tariff commodities, wheat flour and sugar.

Really sophisticated agro-frauders make profits both coming and going. Their aim is not to sell their products at all, but to keep them moving around in a circle, changing labels at each border as subsidies and tariffs dictate. One Antwerp grain dealer set some kind of agro record by shipping the same boatload of wheat back and forth between Antwerp and Rotterdam for days. The cargo was never unloaded, but simply re-labeled with the name of a different kind of grain at each port.

Miraculous Mayonnaise. In a similar case, a German merchant is being tried in Hamburg on charges of illegally pocketing \$8,000,000 in subsidies. His 500-ton cargo ships would load up with maize flour (30% subsidy), and in mid-sea they would turn around and head for home. Their expensive cargoes were re-imported as cattle feed (no tariff), and the journey would begin all over again. Other revolving traders, according to EEC tariff sheriffs, export melted butter (100% subsidy) that on the return trip miraculously becomes mayonnaise (no tariff). All that is needed for the transformation is a new set of export certificates, because inspectors often do not check the cargoes.

Under other EEC rules, subsidies on the same exported commodity may vary according to stated destinations. Thus, European cheese earmarked for Canada (high subsidy) sometimes pauses there only briefly before finding its way into the U.S. (low subsidy). French and German dairymen collect a 40% subsidy for butter shipped to Vatican City, but no bonus at all for sales to Italy, which is an EEC member. In January EEC statisticians noticed that butter exports to the Vatican had hit 160 tons a year—suspiciously high for a place with a population of only 700. Much of the butter ended up in Italian food stores—until the Vatican recently delivered French and German exporters from temptation by tightening controls on imports.

Gruel Trick. The EEC is expected to adopt an anti-agro-fraud regulation at its monthly ministerial meeting in June. The proposed measure calls for, among other things, closer scrutiny of export-import data and intensified sharing of information on known smugglers. Until Europe develops closer cultural and linguistic ties, tighter security may not be enough. For years a French trader was able to masquerade low-priced gruel as high-subsidized semolina without even changing labels. Foreign customs men were unaware that the French use the same word, *grauin*, for both products.

* Subsidies are paid out of the Common Market's agricultural fund to exporters of any one of 3,000 commodities.

CINEMA

Bloody Acquaintanceship

"The slack jaw with the triangular splayed teeth, then the dark eye, impenetrable and empty as the eye of God . . . a silent thing of merciless serenity."

Thus Peter Matthiessen in his book *Blue Meridian, The Search for the Great White Shark*. Even Matthiessen's narrative power pales before the documentary film based on his chronicle of the hunt. In the book, he follows the obsessive quest of Peter Gimbel, department-store-heir-turned-adventurer, in the last unexplored regions of the earth. The chronicler is a fine natural historian, but at times his subject makes any words inadequate. In *Blue Water, White Death*, it is the camera that achieves what prose approximates. In the waters of Ceylon, Madagascar and the Mozambique Channel, and in the temperate shoals off South Africa, a group of unarmed hunters seek an acquaintance with the great white shark. The fish—twice as tall as a man, heavier than a ton—is no ordinary killer. One 18th century writer reported that "in the belly of one was found a human corpse entire, which is far from incredible, considering their vast greediness after human flesh."

This time, the human flesh proves poor bait; Gimbel and his crew ply beneath three oceans without success. But even the failures are captivating. Divers hitch rides on sea turtles; monumental schools of twitching fish gather and separate at every sudden plane of light. The water is like heavy blue air in which natural law is suspended. Time seems liquid, depth and risk meaningless—until Gimbel surfaces too quickly and doubles over with the bends. Above sea level, the film itself wears gills, fins and horns. It is amateurish and even a bit silly, with crises boy-

ishly re-enacted by Gimbel ("I got the liver scared out of me!").

The quarry is finally lured with tubs of whale blood off the Australian reef. In the last reel, the prep-school Ahab finally spots his *bête blanche*, and both drama and cinema achieve an almost hallucinatory suspense. The crew is lowered in barred aluminum cages. The sharks, at first floating like malignant dirigibles, suddenly bash the metal in rage and frustration. It is more than a cinematic high. It is a justifiable anthropomorphism, a juxtaposition of hunter and hunted that Melville, or for that matter Moby-Dick, would have savored.

■ Stefan Kanfer

Witness

In the fast-decaying 20th century, one art form has flourished like a carrion crow. It is witness literature, the testimony of men and women who have endured unspeakable torment and degradation, and emerged to tell an unbelieving world. "This is the way it was, I know, I was there."

That was the role of Malcolm X, the black man in the white nightmare; Elie Wiesel, the ghost of Auschwitz; and, to an unmatched degree, of Nobel Prize-winner Alexander Solzhenitsyn, survivor and permanent victim of Stalin's prison camps. In 1962, during Khrushchev's brief destalinization period, readers were suddenly introduced to *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. In a dark, spartan account, it told of the wretches who peopled the slave labor camps of Siberia, cleaved from society for uncommitted political sins, filled with what the author called "the fearlessness of those who have lost everything."

The film version's Ivan, played with austere dignity by Tom Courtenay, can scarcely remember his wife, let alone the life from which he has been severed for ten years. His sole ambition is that classic one of all prisoners: to get



COURTENAY AS IVAN DENISOVICH
Tactile dread.

through the day. A half-bumpkin who believes that stars are pieces of the moon, he survives on an untutored existential faith. What animates him is what moved Camus' Sisyphus: the prisoner fails because failure is immanent in man; he endures because he must. Courtenay's fellow prisoners are for the most part a collection of shaven heads conveying dislocation and anonymity.

The very facelessness of the Scandinavian and English cast lessens the film's power to shock. Scenes are shot from a vast emotional distance, as if Director Casper Wrede flinched at the pain of showing pain. In the suffocating grayness of the film, the personal dimensions of suffering tend to vanish. The tribulations of the hero were almost unendurable for the reader; the viewer, like a tourist, can only survey degradation held at arm's length. But *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* does occasionally convey a tragic sense of life discarded by politics: in the high, empty gossip of the Muscovite prisoners; in the pathetic scramble for a few shreds of tobacco; in the epic wasteland of ice and snow. More illuminating than either the performances or the screenplay is Sven Nykvist's Arctic photography, shot in the glacial reaches of Norway. Long a cinematographer for Ingmar Bergman, Nykvist can achieve a tactile sense of dread; his expanses of snow are more than weather: they seem vast pages upon which no one dares to write.

So they were, until the testimony of the witness who will probably never see this imperfect but indelible tribute. Like Tolstoy, Alexander Solzhenitsyn is, despite the anguished diary, wholly Russian, a man who "cannot contemplate living anywhere but in my native land." Still, Solzhenitsyn has earned a scathing tribute from one pro-Soviet apologist and enemy: "He has already defected with his soul."

■ S.K.

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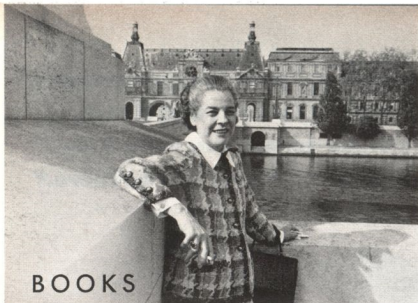
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MARY MCCARTHY IN PARIS

BOOKS

A Tale of Two Cultures

BIRDS OF AMERICA by Mary McCarthy.
344 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.
\$6.95.

It has been seven years since Mary McCarthy published *The Group*, her witty, intricate chorale of the '30s, which was praised at the cash registers and patronized by the critics as a popular piece of junk. Such a misunderstanding is unlikely to befall her ambitious new book, *Birds of America* is so deeply plunged in thought that, despite attractive characters and immaculately constructed scenes, it often seems less like a novel than one of the author's admirable essays. The principal thinker, whose mind frames and filters the events, is a 19-year-old American boy named Peter Levi. What he and the author are up to is nothing less than a tenacious examination of certain American ideals and shibboleths—among them human equality and the sacredness of nature.

The reader first meets Peter as he returns after several years' absence to the New England village of Rocky Port to spend the summer with his twice-divorced mother. It is 1964. The village, which seems hard by Stonington, Conn., where Mary McCarthy once lived, is much changed. In vain his mother, who believes in old-fashioned cookery, harangues local grocers for tapioca and fresh fish; she also scours local shops for real jelly glasses. She regards the changes only as part of a dreadful decline in traditional American virtues. What his mother mourns, Peter misses too. But he suspects that her tastes may be more the product of privilege than the frontier spirit. Perhaps the decline of Rocky Port is a corollary of mass-produced equality? One peculiarly American theme of the book lies in the boy's continual worry over the conflict between an educated eye for quality and a blind belief in equality.

In the fall, Peter goes to Paris alone

for his junior year. There the author turns him into a familiar figure: the well-meaning American abroad, the fresh, inquiring member of a new generation. The narrative becomes a loose variant of the "road novel," a series of set-piece scenes in which Peter's ideas are tested by experience. In a hilarious initial encounter with retired Kansas schoolteachers on the boat train, Peter learns the depths of his own anti-Americanism. Later a wretched Thanksgiving spent at the home of a U.S. general confronts him with the anguish of American inertia in pursuing un-American aims in Viet Nam. When he retreats to Italy at Christmas to save his soul among the airy splendors of the Sistine Chapel, his democratic principles are tried again. Everywhere he finds "dark serried groups reminding him of flocks of starlings." "If you love someone," Peter admits, "you want to be alone with them. The same with art. When I'm in the Sistine Chapel, I hate my fellow man."

Maxim from Kant. Peter represents Mary McCarthy's first attempt to write from a male point of view and there are moments, especially those involving sex, when she is not wholly successful. When she is stuck, she tends to rely on a rationalization. For instance, it is one thing to say that Peter is obsessed with fair play, but it is really likely that he would have given up masturbation after his mother left his stepfather, "because she was not even going to parties?"

But if Peter is not totally believable, he is likable, and his concern for his fellow man is real. Along with S.N.C.C. and CORE cards he carries a maxim from his favorite philosopher, Immanuel Kant: "The other is always an end." In other words, never merely use people. Kant's vision of goodness in harmony with nature, a state in which "moral will operates with the force of natural law," is an ideal that Peter does not easily relinquish. He believes that the world is "haunted" by equality because no society has ever given it a chance. "When-

ever in history equality appeared on the agenda," he writes his mother, "it was exported somewhere else."

Dickensian Lists. High intellectual content is hardly new for Mary McCarthy, and *Birds of America* is her most cerebral novel so far. The trouble is that her interest in storytelling—always fluctuating—seems to have subsided altogether. There are none of the roller-coaster moral collisions that helped transform earlier intellectual entertainments like *A Charmed Life* into satisfying fiction. Fortunately her stylistic strengths are well represented: the ability to swirl from a serious thought to its inflated parody in one paragraph, the Dickensian caricatures, the eccentric lists, the echoes of antiquity that freshen the drabest contemporary commonplaces.

In this era of nonfiction novels, dramatized confessions and other hybrid forms, it may not be so crucial that she has not quite written a novel. Coming right after two volumes of impassioned reporting and polemic on Viet Nam, it is her calmest, most magnanimous, most reflective book.

Mary McCarthy, the cerulean blue-stocking, Mary McCarthy, the acid wit, Mary McCarthy, the literary vampire who brings friends and ex-husbands dreaded immortality in her fiction. Very few writers have such formidable personal reputations. It is surprising therefore to find her in a comfortable Left Bank apartment, a smiling, enthusiastic woman with a classic figure, who looks far less than her 58 years.

She moved to Paris ten years ago, after marrying James West, her fourth husband, who is information officer with the OECD. There is a busy social life but, as Mary McCarthy loves to point out, it is impossible for any outsider to know anyone who is 100% French. "They're either Jewish or Italian or they have a Hungarian wife or they're Russian, like Nathalie Sarraute." In conversation she shows a remarkably girlish candor and spontaneity. She does not want to dominate but never hesitates to interrupt a conversation when it is a matter of keeping the record straight.

In some ways, keeping the record straight has been the energizing passion behind her long career. *The Group* was a time capsule of the '30s. In *Birds of America*, the decline of both nature and of domestic excellence is at least as important to the author as the philosophical considerations. She brushes aside any thought that the hunt for fresh fish in Rocky Port is comic exaggeration. "It's true!" she cries, indignant. "I didn't exaggerate a thing!" Apparently the exact situation exists in Castine, Me., where the Wests spend summer vacations. Peter's mother, she explains, "connects these concrete things with ethics—as I do. I love cooking, and I think it has an important connection with folkways and tradition."

If Peter's mother is yet another

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la voiture

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fictional refraction of Mary McCarthy, Peter himself is mainly a product of her imagination. She was writing notes for a long-planned book on equality when suddenly a 19-year-old boy appeared in them. At first he was a nameless Italian student waiting for a communal toilet in Rome; eventually he became Peter Levi. The author can no more explain this sudden fictional embodiment of an idea than she can account for Peter's age or sex. But she is sure that this book could not have been written about a girl. "I don't think the problem of general equality presents itself so much to girls. I am not talking about Women's Lib because I'm not talking about selfish equality, equality for you."

Raw Data. She works in a sunny study surrounded by pictures of her brother, Actor Kevin McCarthy, and her baby grandson (whose father is the child of her marriage to Critic Edmund Wilson). The décor also includes huge volumes on the Sistine ceiling and a stuffed bird with florid plumage that Robert Lowell dropped off one day. The desk drawers are crammed with envelopes marked with notations like "Raw data, Peter Levi" or "Variants of Chapter 7, formerly 6." Each chapter draft is lettered, and they often run from A to G. When starting a book she works four hours a day; near the end it is more like ten or twelve, because "there is so much behind pushing you forward."

She writes, she says, "to try to find out what one is saying. A wrong word or phrase tells you that what you are saying is not true, but often it is hard to find out why." Like many writers she has a weakness for her latest book, but is a stern judge of her own past work and of contemporary fiction generally. She found *Ada* so appalling that she even began wondering if Nabokov's earlier works, including *Pale Fire*, which she once praised extravagantly, should be reassessed. On the other hand, she thinks that Norman Mailer may be on to something in his recent reportage. "It is as if he hit on a new epic form. People like Rocky and Nixon become Pop art subjects because, like the figures in the *Iliad*, they are already well known. Then he can bring his sense of conflict, of battle, to bear."

Her own legendary sense of battle, which has in the past fueled literary skirmishes, is currently deployed mostly in her impassioned opposition to the war in Viet Nam. She is philosophic about recent bad reviews of her work, though French reaction to *Birds of America* will interest her: there are few kind words for the French in the book. She may get the silent treatment. Or she may get a lot of angry letters, as she did after *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*, a book that miffed many Catholics. On that occasion, Miss McCarthy corrected her correspondents' errors in grammar and spelling and sent the letters back without further comment.

■ Martha Duffy

Notable

HOW TO SURVIVE IN YOUR NATIVE LAND by James Herndon. 192 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.95.

"If you only work in order to change things, you will simply go nuts. I am an authority on it. The book is mostly about kites and dogs and lizards and salamanders and magic." That is James Herndon, reformed globetrotter turned public school teacher, describing his newest book and confronting in characteristic stance the lugubrious subject of U.S. public education. Everything Herndon observes takes place in the "Spanish Main" intermediate school in "Tierra Firma," a thinly disguised middle-class suburb of San Francisco, where Herndon has taught for years. He appears to have tried every kind of pedagogical method, from applying a full quota of "reading" workbooks in a backward class to running a mini-free school where kids could come and go as they pleased. The results, though touched by humor and humanity, are disheartening.

Basically Herndon is in desperate agreement with John Holt, George Dennison, Jonathan Kozol, Edgar Friedenberg, Charles Silberman & Co. that U.S. schools are too foolishly over-administered to successfully nurture either reading and writing or the ability to cope humanely with the complex choices of modern life. But unlike most apocalyptic critics, Herndon sees no easy solution. He proceeds, moreover, by meandering parable rather than polemic, and uses a rueful genial tone of voice that might have come from Mark Twain or Kurt Vonnegut. As a result, he is just about the only education reformer alive whose writing could be (and should be) profitably and pleasurable read aloud at the family dinner table.



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THE NATION KILLERS by Robert Conquest. 222 pages. Macmillan. \$6.95.

One of Britain's foremost students of Russian affairs here describes the deportation from their homelands in the Caucasus of the entire populations of eight small nations. The Soviet pretext during World War II was that all those people were traitorous. By Conquest's calculation, about 1.6 million were uprooted and sent to the East. Of these, he estimates, 600,000 died as a result of the move.

The deportees were transported in cattle trucks over enormous distances without food. Many trains carrying them across the vast, empty eastern provinces seem to have been turned back after the deaths of most people aboard. It became Soviet policy, moreover, to pretend that the broken and scattered nations had never existed. The Volga Germans, descendants of settlers welcomed by Catherine the Great, were dispossessed not only of national existence but of their history—as were seven Asiatic nations, including Kalmyks, Chechens, Ingushi, Karachai, Balkars, Meskhetians and the Crimean Tatars. In the great reshuffling of borders and renaming of regions to obliterate old names, even the houses of the Crimean Tatars, Conquest writes, "were demolished and their vines and orchards allowed to become wild and overgrown. The Tatars' cemeteries were plowed up and their ancestors' remains torn out of the ground."

Details of this attempt at multiple genocide have been surfacing slowly for 18 years and are here put together for the first time. The value of this bleak book is accurately stated in its last sentence: "The more widely the facts become known in the West . . . the more real our picture of the world will be."

THE MAN WHO DARED THE LIGHTNING by Thomas Fleming. 532 pages. Morrow. \$12.50.

It is impossible not to be impressed all over again by a man of such extraordinary parts as Ben Franklin. The author fondly presents them all: the scientist who discovered the existence of electricity in the clouds (and was dumb lucky not to have been frazzled at the end of his kite string by a direct lightning bolt); the inventor of bifocals and lending libraries; the aphorist, wit and author of *Poor Richard's Almanack*. Of course, there is also Franklin as America's premier diplomat, first in England trying desperately to head off the impending war, and later in Paris, where he was seeking an alliance and financial support for the rebellious colonies.

What is unexpected and particularly touching in the book is Fleming's account of Franklin's stormy relationship with his son. Though illegitimate, William Franklin was openly raised by his



BEN FRANKLIN & LIGHTNING ROD
A few flaws would have helped.

famous father. The two were deeply attached to one another but grew toward a conflict that came to a head during the Revolution. In 1762 William was named the King's governor in New Jersey, and when war came he stuck with the King, maneuvered against his father's efforts to promote independence, and ultimately fled to England. Deeply hurt, Benjamin insisted upon a hard line against all Loyalists in the final treaty.

The book's chief flaw is that Franklin is portrayed as all but flawless. Poor Richard would have known better. "A benevolent man," he once wrote, "should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance."

ALI & NINO by Kurban Said. 237 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

Can a Moslem and a Georgian Christian find true happiness in Transcaucasia? Not very easily, Nino, a comely Christian, tells Ali: "I love you and you love me. But I love woods and meadows, and you love hills and stones and sand." Stony Ali is fearless, while woody Nino is afraid, as she puts it, of "mice, crocodiles, exams and eunuchs." Ali has to learn to drink forbidden wine, to accept Nino without a veil, and to endure the outrage of other men complimenting her. Nino must learn to eat with three fingers instead of a fork, and permit a eunuch, a fixture in Moslem households, to inspect her teeth and shave her body hair.

Never mind. In this tender novel, love conquers—for a while. Delicate, civilized compromises slowly prove possible. But history ruthlessly intervenes. The Bolsheviks arrive at the end of the first World War and snuff out Ali and Nino's fragile romance. These two provide fond company for any reader. No doubt they did the same for the author, a Tartar who was first driven out

of Transcaucasia by the Communists, then out of Vienna by the Nazis, and finally died in obscurity in Fascist Italy, leaving this one testament to love in a life of wearisome exile.

LIVING ON THE EARTH by Alicia Bay Laurel. 214 pages. Random House. \$3.95.

"'Bay Laurel' is not my parents' surname," writes the author, "but it is my favorite tree." Her real name is Alicia Kaufman and she is 21. At first glance the book resembles a series of dreamy doodles. Naked, smiling people dance through a collection of "celebrations, storm warnings, formulas, recipes, rumors & country dances" that might have been pretentious but are not. Based on experiences at a California commune, the book is really a guide to the pastoral life—at least in reasonably clement climates. The author is not averse to the occasional use of technology. The handiest place to set bread to rise, she notes, is inside a parked car. But the best way is nature's way. "Eggs you buy in supermarkets," she claims, "come from hens that live in shaded cages and are fed methedrine* so they lay more and eat less. Your eggs will come from happy fertile hens who dance freely in the sun. Like you."

The style is appealingly spare, perhaps because longhand is hard work. The more or less useful topics range from simple survival ("Most bees won't bother a calm human") to farming techniques. The author tells how to "unstraighten" an Ivy League shirt, make a bamboo rattle and build a kayak. In the midst of it all is a recipe for relaxation: "Find a little bit of land somewhere and plant a carrot seed. Now sit down and watch it grow. When it is fully grown, pull it up and eat it."

* Like thyroxin and aspirin, methedrine has been tried experimentally to encourage egg laying, but the practice is not widespread.



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"We thought we were in a peaceful village until we realized we were being stalked by the primitive Mudmen of New Guinea."

1 "Anna and I always wanted to visit a tribe of Mudmen to see one of their Sing-Sing ceremonies," George Malynicz tells us. "Our guide, Peter Barter, refused to tell us exactly what the ceremony entailed, just to heighten the suspense a little. But we got more than we bargained for. We followed the Asaro River into

the New Guinea interior to a village where it was rumored there might be a Sing-Sing. Sure enough, there were only women and children in the huts. Peter said the men must be in the jungle preparing for the ceremony, and went to look for them. Anna and I waited near the village.

2 "Suddenly a lone warrior appeared out of the brush and moved slowly toward us. My first reaction was to grab Anna and run. But then I realized that we were being stalked by at least thirty warriors from all sides. They approached us silently, carrying spears, in a kind of menacing slow-motion dance. When I was certain we were done for, I spotted Peter taking pictures of the whole incredible thing. The Mudmen are highly unpredictable, and even Peter became concerned.



3 "Peter shouted to the Mudmen to stop stalking us and joined us to talk with them in pidgin English. We found out that the stalking Sing-Sing 'dance' was a re-enactment of a legendary tribal battle which their ancestors won by frightening off their enemies. Looking at the Mudmen we could understand how,

4 "Back in Goroka our hotel terrace was a welcome sight, and we couldn't stop talking about our adventure with the Mudmen. Even more welcome was the sight of Canadian Club." Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. It's the whisky that's light enough for women yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



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